THY FRIEND DOROTHY

AMY·E·BLANCHARD

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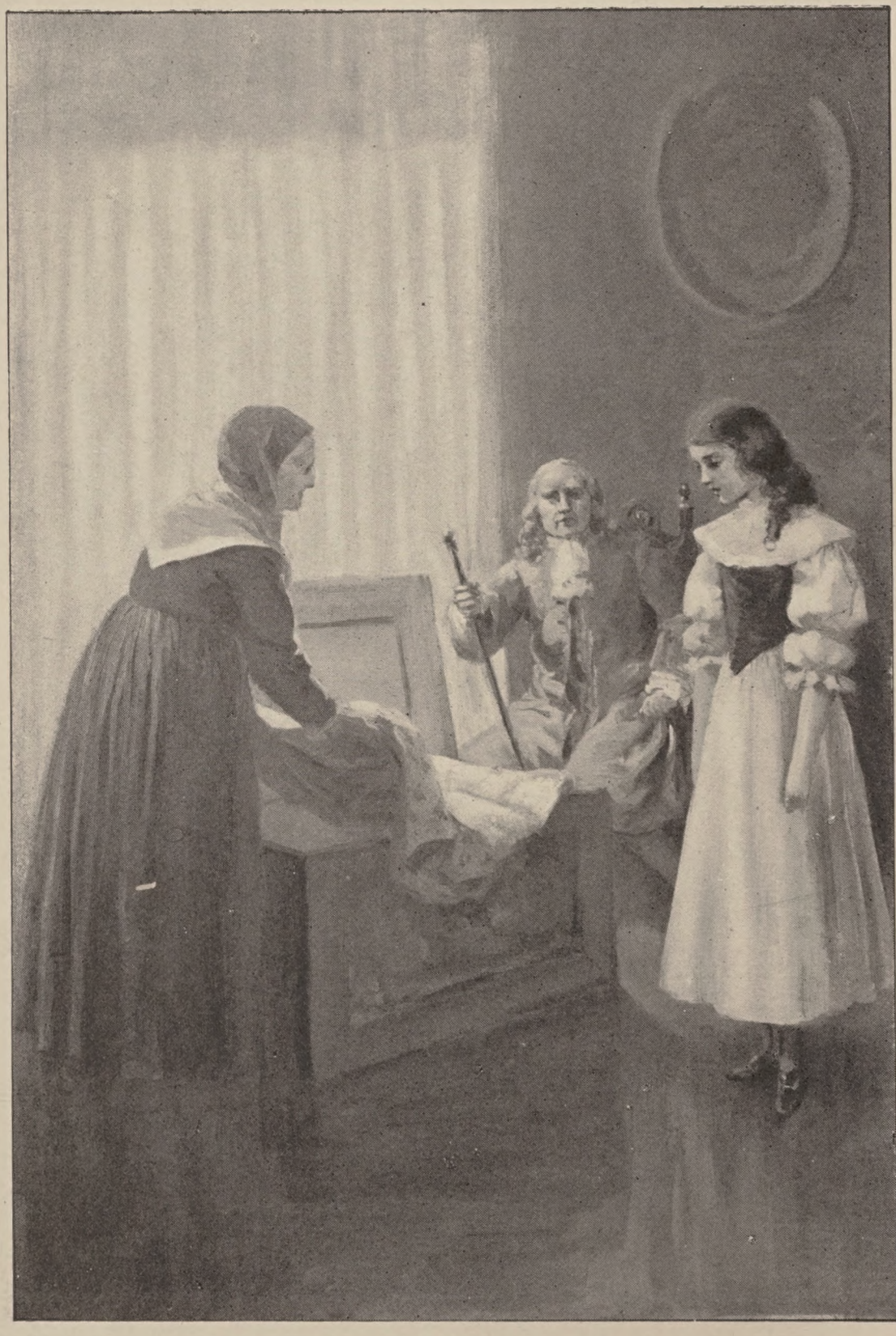

Dorothy looked at the pretty, shimmering silks, half-wistfully—Page 14

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Thy Friend Dorothy

By

Amy E. Blanchard

Author of

"Two Girls," "Taking a Stand," "A Dear Little Girl," etc.

Illustrated by

IDA WAUGH

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Contents

I	A Question of Speech	7
II	Rioting	22
III	John Winterthorn	38
IV	On Shipboard	53
V	A Second Flight	70
VI	Upland	86
VII	In the Woods	103
VIII	The Governor's Arrival	121
IX	John's Quest	137
X	News from Home	155
XI	How Jasper Found a Way	171
XII	A Wedding Party	186
XIII	The Son of a Chief	202
XIV	The Rightful Heir	216
XV	Second Fiddle	232
XVI	A Sober Suitor	246
XVII	Sorrowing	263
XVIII	Days of Waiting	277
XIX	Surprises	291
XX	How it was Settled	306

List of Illustrations

PAGE

DOROTHY LOOKED AT THE PRETTY, SHIMMERING SILKS, HALF-WISTFULLY . . . . . *Frontispiece*

DOROTHY STOOD WITH CLASPED HANDS BEFORE AN OLD SUN-DIAL 48

JOSEPH DREW FORTH A SMALL BARK CANOE FROM AMONG THE WEEDS, AND, HELPING DOROTHY INTO IT, PADDLED ACROSS 117

"BOYS! BOYS!" SHE CRIED, "WHAT IS THIS?" . 207

DOLLY LOOKED DOWN AND TWISTED THE LONG STEM OF A FLOWER AROUND HER FINGER 242

CHAPTER I

A QUESTION OF SPEECH

It was a bright, spring morning in the year 1682. Sweeps of sward in front of a fine old house near the city of Bristol, in old England, showed golden green in the sunlight. The hedgerows were white with blossoming, and the gardens and hillsides were brave with the delicate hues of spring flowers. In the long avenue, the wind rustled softly through the tall trees, in whose tops birds were singing blithely. It was a day for joyous content and perfect peace ; but neither joyousness nor peace pervaded the home of Dorothy James.

It was a slim little girl who stood before Squire Humphrey, a demure and quiet little maid, who, with eyes cast down and meekly folded hands, listened to the tirade which was being poured forth by her irate uncle.

"*Thee* me, and *thou* me, will you?" concluded the angry man. "I'll have none of it; do you hear?—none of it. Let me but once hear you answer me in such speech, and 'twill go hardly with you; aye, and your meek mother. A pretty bequest for my brother to leave; a fanatical, shaking Quakeress, and her obstinate child. Go, now, Dorothy James, and let us hear no more *thees* and *thous* under this roof." And the Squire brought his stout stick down with a thump on the floor. Dorothy turned and left the room. A big, wainscoted breakfast room it was, where her uncle was wont to sit of mornings. He was a determined, imperious person, this Squire James, of Humphrey's Hall, and his word was law. Yet some of the same determination was part of his niece's heritage. And as the girl turned into the long alley which led toward the summer house, there was a set look about the tender, young mouth which reminded one of the man who had just spoken so determinedly.

Down past the summer house, and on toward the lodge, went Dorothy, not pausing to note the bloom of hawthorne, nor the carol of birds. She held her hands tightly clasped, and every now and then she lifted her eyes to

the sky. At the gate of the lodge she paused, and gazed down the road. Soon a look of childish pleasure came into her face, and she called, "Rhoda, here comes mother."

A stout woman bustled out. "Faith, Mistress Dorothy, your mother starts early, and 'tis a shame she foots it. Why does she so?"

The girl made no reply, but ran out and grasped the hand of the lady, who had now nearly reached the gate.

"Oh, mother, mother! I thought thou wast, perhaps, set upon, or that some ill had befallen thee."

The mother smiled down at the little maid. "No, Dorothy, I was but detained in listening to good words from one who spoke well. Friends would fain have had me tarry, but I was anxious to see my daughter."

"And was there a good meeting?"

"A sweet and precious one! There was one Alexander Parker, a very tender man, who spoke lovingly, but—," and the mother sighed. "It is a grievous season, daughter, and I fear me much that we shall be called upon to endure more pains for the faith's sake."

"Oh, mother! and art thou in danger?"

"Friends who attend meeting are all in

danger ; many have been hurried to the gaol, or exposed to riotous insolence."

"Oh, mother—and thou ?"

"The trouble may be from the world and the world's spirit, but the spirit within is at peace. I heard much to cause me to commune with myself. John Dunn gave me a most interesting pamphlet, which treats of the new colony which William Penn calls his Holy Experiment. 'Tis of exceeding interest to me, so much so that friends asked what was upon me, and I told them, if so be the Lord move me, I may see it my duty to follow friends over seas."

"And leave England forever ?"

'If so be it is the voice of the Spirit which calls. Dorothy child,"—the mother stopped suddenly and looked in the child's face. "Thou art steadfast ?"

"Oh, mother, I am. Uncle did hardly berate me, this very morning, for saying thee and thou to him, but I will suffer, mother—for thee."

"Nay, nay ; not for me, Dorothy. Thy testimony must be from the purity of thine own conviction. Thou hast heard the voice of the Spirit, so heed it." Dorothy was silent, but she clasped her mother's hand even more

closely, and presently asked, "When is there another meeting?"

"On fourth day next."

By this time they had entered the lofty hall, and Dorothy's mother proceeded directly to the room where her brother-in-law still sat.

"So, mistress," was his greeting, "you are back again, and whither have you been over night? Methinks you would do more credit to your husband's name did you stay within your home, instead of mixing with a miscreant rabble. I command you to have done with these stirrings abroad. I hear none too good reports of the shaking Quakers. 'Tis time, Mistress Hester, that you cut loose from such a rabble; or, if you must sully your fair name, leave your child unsmutted. Already she brings your mouthings and foolish phrasings to me. Next you will become a by-word, and will be immodestly pushing yourself into public sight, as some of those wretched women in the city are doing with their preachments." Again the staff came down with a thump on the bare wood floor. "Speak up, now! Is it bide at home like an honest gentlewoman, or is it follow your wretched crew of shaking Quakers? Yes or No?"

"I must follow my conscience, Humphrey, and the Spirit leads more truly than does the world."

"An' your conscience or your spirit, or whatever you choose to call it, bids you disgrace your husband's name; bids you deny your child her heritage; seeks to set you up as a dreamer of dreams, and a woman who immodestly speaks in public—a sweet and gracious spirit truly!—an evil and malignant one, beshrew me, if 'tis not! Now, listen to me, mistress, once you speak in public meetings; once you allow your daughter to be exposed to the rabble, and I wash my hands of you. Into this house you enter no more. Dorothy shall have her own, but you have no part nor parcel in her belongings."

The woman stood pale and silent for a moment. "And if Dorothy choose the straight and narrow way?" she then said.

"If by that you mean if the unsophisticated little lass shall try to follow you, I, as her guardian, shall prevent it. She is too young to form correct judgments."

"But if she persist, when she is come to years of discretion?"

"Then," the staff emphasized each word, "she goes, too; you are both cast off. Now you

know what to expect, the pair of you. Send Margery to me. I wish to speak to her."

This dismissal was accepted, and mother and daughter withdrew.

"Oh, mother," whispered Dorothy, when they were out of hearing, "what shall we do?"

"We must wait the Lord's will in the matter, my daughter, and whatsoever way the Spirit leads, we must follow."

"But, mother, I shall not leave thee. I could not."

Hester James shook her head. "Say not so with such vehemence, Dorothy. It is the blind affections which speak. Let it be the inner voice which commands."

At this moment a maid-servant approached. "Your uncle wishes to see you, Miss Dorothy."

The girl looked up at her mother. "Go, my child!"

Dorothy followed the servant to an upper room, where her uncle sat, a pile of rich stuffs on a bench before him. An heavy oaken chest stood open, and from it Margery, the old housekeeper, was lifting more brocades and silken fabrics.

"Here, Dorothy," said the Squire, "you are old enough to choose yourself a gown for a

May-day frolic—the little Lady Beatrice Lowe has sent you an invitation to her May-pole, and I wish you to go."

Dorothy looked at the pretty, shimmering silks, half-wistfully, but she said, "I am not of the world's people, uncle."

"Out upon you for such a foolish speech, not of the world's people; forsooth! and you a daughter of Marmaduke James of Humphrey's Hall, and what are you, pray?"

"A Friend."

"A Friend! And whose friend? If you mean that wretched set called Quakers, they are no friends of yours or mine. Come, you must get that maggot out of your brain, and see if you and I cannot rid your poor, phantasy-stricken mother of her foolish fancies."

"Oh, uncle, I believe it to be a truth my mother has found."

"*You* believe? What matter what a chit like you believes. 'Tis all a seven days' wonder, a mere frenzy of the moment. You are too sensible a lass to be carried away by such follies. Put such thoughts from you, and come here; see what gay costumes we have for your choosings. They were your grandmother's, and well she knew how to carry them off."

"I cannot choose them, uncle; I am bidden to forsake gay apparel."

"And who has a better right to bid than your guardian? You forget yourself, Dorothy, when you set yourself up and declare any one's right over mine."

It was Squire James' intention to be very gentle and amiable to his niece, to win her in that way to a different way of thinking. He did not doubt that all of this fervor was but a flash in the pan, and that the persistence was but contrariness.

"Enough of this, Dorothy," he said, more sharply. "Such folly! to set your wishes against mine, for a mere freak. I am too indulgent, I fear. Come, come, your old uncle has not treated you badly, has he, in all these years?

"Far from it."

"And you will not yield at once to my desires, when, after all, 'tis but a concern for your pleasure. Fie, Dorothy!"

"I cannot, uncle."

"Then, mistress, we'll see," spoke out the old man in sudden rage. "Since you are disposed to be a disobedient, wilful child, instead of a loving and discreet maiden, we'll see what best becomes you;" and, seizing the girl by the

arm, he hobbled hurriedly across the floor and thrust her into an adjoining room, closing and bolting the door, Dorothy making not the slightest resistance. It was part of her mother's creed, which she had adopted as her own, to endure silently.

All her life Dorothy had dwelt under her uncle's roof. Ever since the death of her father, which had occurred when the girl was but six years old. She remembered well this handsome, courtly father, and how sad a blow his death had been to her mother. Yet, for the past two years, the widow had spoken of her loss with a resignation she had never shown before, and this was since she had heard at the house of one of her relatives the words of one George Fox, and now she had become a follower of the comparatively new sect, first called Quakers by Justice Bennet, of Derby, who bestowed the term in derision, because Fox had bidden his hearers tremble at his words.

The home at Humphrey's Hall had been a pleasant and a happy one for the little girl, until this time of her mother's new interest. Squire James was a man of strong prejudices and haughty bearing, but he was very fond of his little niece, his youngest brother's child, and

the girl had been accorded many privileges and given many pleasures.

At first the goings and comings of her mother to and from the Friends' meetings in Bristol had concerned Dorothy very little, but anything which made so deep an impress upon her beloved mother, was sure to affect the girl sooner or later, and she begged to go to the meetings. It was but lately that she had taken up the phraseology of the sect, and what at first her uncle regarded simply as a whim, was now becoming so set a measure as to require, the old man thought, extreme treatment.

After hearing the bolt slipped, Dorothy quietly waited for further developments. The room into which she had been thrust was a small one, having one casement window, which opened out upon a stretch of green lawn. Dorothy could see the lodge, and a bit of woodland from it, with glimpses of the Avon ; so she perched herself upon the broad window ledge to wait patiently for what should come next. She had much to think about. She wondered if she did secretly yearn for the festivities to which Lady Beatrice Lowe had invited her. She was only a little girl, although serious things had weighed her down of late, it is true. She

had gone often enough to the meetings to have heard mirth, amusement, beauty and pleasure decried, and her mother's example of wearing quiet attire, with no ornaments, she had taken to heart. It was, indeed, her loyalty to her mother which chiefly moved her to deny her uncle his desire regarding the May party, and the girl of fourteen was meeting the man of sixty with a spirit of equal determination. It was that she wished to believe in the Quaker creeds, because they were her mother's, and she was ready to throw herself heart and soul into a defence of whatever her mother made an issue.

It was old Margery who at last appeared at the door and unbarred it. She brought the girl's mid-day meal, and set it down near her.

"Thank thee, Margery," said Dorothy, gently.

The old woman leaned forward and touched her with a trembling, shriveled finger. "Why don't you please him, mistress?" she said. "'Tis but a little to do, and you are all he has left."

"Dost thou mean my uncle? I would then be arrayed against my mother."

"Oh, no; your good mother must soon turn back to her old ways. Why, mistress, the

justices are determined to break up these meetings. More and more do we hear of disturbance, and the Quakers are right mercilessly set upon. It is dangerous—dangerous for any one to be seen attending the meetings. They will soon be compelled to give them up."

Dorothy looked troubled. She knew that threats and punishments were increasing in the city of Bristol. "I am fain to believe it, Margery," she replied.

"Then persuade your good mother to bide at home, at least for a time, till there is greater quiet. Entreat her to refrain from going to the city for a time."

"She will go, Margery, if so be the spirit calls her."

The old woman gave a little impatient shake of her head. "Begging your pardon, miss, but it is folly. With their rude ways, they must make enemies. Not a one will take off his hat to his betters, nor drop a curtsey, or even say good morning, to the highest in the land. 'Tis an evil setting up of themselves toward those in high places."

"We are all alike in the sight of the Lord," replied Dorothy.

"That is well to say, mistress. But I know

better. Even the apostles bade us be obedient to masters. I know my Bible, and it says, 'Let servants count their own masters worthy of all honor.' And am I to set myself up above my mistress? No. I know my place. And I make my manners to my master, while he, in his turn, makes his to the king. And, bless us, mistress, 'twas but the other day I did hear of a Quaker woman run mad, tearing off her clothes in public, and making herself a spectacle in the street. And one in court, not long since—so Rhoda told me—did face the justice, and tell him his heart was rotten. The impudent blade! And furthermore, he said he was full of hypocrisy to the brim. What wonder that the law scourged him? Such talk to a justice on the bench."

"But," spoke up Margery, "what he said was doubtless true."

"And it may be true that one squints or has an evil eye, must then the world run about telling him so? That is not good manners nor good morals. No, no, mistress, 'twill not do; and to refuse to lift off one's hat to any one, or to stand at taking oath in court, 'tis lawless, lawless, and stirs up naughty feeling. You'd best have done with birds of such feather."

Dorothy shook her head. The old woman had spoken from a feeling of deep concern, the girl reflected, and it might, indeed, be that dangers threatened all who clung to the Quaker beliefs. Nevertheless, she said, "No, no, good Margery, I cannot err against my conscience."

"And you'll stay home, shut up?"

"Where is my mother?"

"She went home an hour ago."

"Knew she of my state?"

"Yes, she but looked wishful when I told her; but to Bristol she went. Come, now, I'll tell your uncle that you are ready to look at the pretty gowns we had out."

"No, no; here I stay till I am released by his will without word of concession from me. 'Tis no use wasting words, Margery; I understand thy good-will toward me. Thou hast always been tenderly and lovingly disposed. I would thou couldst receive convincement." Margery turned sorrowfully toward the door, muttering: "She was always as set a little mortal as one could find in a day's journey. She comes honestly by it. Like her grandmother in that is she."

CHAPTER II

RIOTING

The long day waned, and another servant brought supper and set it before the prisoner, and at night Margery came and told her it was her uncle's order that she should sleep in her own bed-chamber. Dorothy obediently followed the old woman up the long hall and into her own room, where, again, she was made prisoner. "My mother?" she said, as Margery turned to leave her. "She has not returned."

The evening of the second day found the little maid still confined behind barred doors. She had been glad of the privilege of remaining in her own room, but now she was becoming anxious to see her mother. Nearly two whole days since she was parted from her. Surely, she must have returned.

She was just wondering and wishing when

the thump! thump! of her uncle's stick was heard along the hall. The sound was that which proclaimed an excited frame of mind, for Dorothy had become used to the heralding of her uncle's various moods by means of his stick. Were he calm and dignified, the slow tap-tap announced the fact; were he fretful or ill, it was a short, irregular, nervous rap; angry or excited, the stick came down with a sharp, decided thump,—such as now was coming nearer and nearer.

There was a sound of bolts withdrawn and a rap on the door. "Are you abed, Dorothy?"

"No, uncle. I am up and dressed."

The knob turned, and, looking up, Dorothy saw, by the flickering light of candle which her uncle held, that both anger and grief were visible upon the strong, handsome face.

"So!" he cried, "your lady mother has thrown back my words in my teeth, and has defied me deliberately and intentionally. My brother's wife, a ranting, raging promoter of broils, an inciter of riots, a defier of law and order." Dorothy stood up, with parted lips and fear-stricken heart.

"Yes," continued the Squire; "a gracious and lovely dame is she who stirs up discord,

and defames judges. It is well she is in the gaol; that is less of a disgrace than the act which places her there."

"My mother in prison?" faltered Dorothy.

"Where she should be," replied the old man, grimly. Then a softer look came over his face, and he held out his hands, "Oh, my poor little child, you are orphaned, indeed!"

But Dorothy shrank back and held her clasped hands tightly against her breast.

Dorothy's father had been to Squire James more like a son than a brother, for Humphrey, after two years coming of age, found himself the sole guardian of a baby boy, not four years old, whose parents had both died within a year, leaving, out of a family of nine, but these two: the eldest and youngest. The young man and the little boy had been devoted to each other, and, believing his brother, in the natural course of things, would become his heir, Humphrey James had never married, although there had been many rumors, more or less true, of his intentions in such directions. And when Marmaduke brought home his pretty, gentle little bride, his brother had given her a warm welcome. The first sorrow after this, which struck heavily both brothers, was the loss of a little

son, Humphrey, whose coming had been hailed with joy. Two years later, Dorothy was born, and when, at last, the younger man was brought home from the hunting field, dead, it seemed for a time as if the elder one would never again lift his head. But when, after a time, he did walk further into the sunshine, it was with a halting tread; and at fifty-five he was an old man, slightly paralyzed still.

And now had come an added grief. The gentle, quiet little widow of Marmaduke James, who had yielded amiably to her brother-in-law's opinions and commands, became a steadfast follower of George Fox, and suddenly displayed a persistence and tenacity of purpose entirely surprising. The gentleness remained, but nothing moved her from her zealous following of the Quakers.

As Dorothy shrank back from her uncle, the man's hands trembled more violently, and his broken accents followed up the appeal—"Dorothy, Dorothy, my little child!"

She stood with downcast eyes, but did not speak, and her uncle sank brokenly into a chair near the door. He looked a pitiful figure of grief, and the girl's tender heart could not endure it. So she went up to him and laid

her hand on his arm, looking wistfully at the bent head resting on the hands which clasped his stick. Presently his arm enfolded her. "Poor little girl; poor little lass! It is a sad day, Dorothy. If—if your father had lived, it would never have been."

"Oh, uncle, would it not? Why?"

"Because your mother would have had no need of vagaries where Marmaduke James was. She has sought a solace in these religious frenzies. Poor, distracted woman!"

"Ah, but uncle, it is truth. My mother believes it is truth."

"Truth! What is truth? I tell you it is madness—madness from which I would fain protect you, my little maid. Your mother is distracted, I say—mad—frenzied. And small wonder. If I, a strong man, have been so shattered by the loss of that bright life, what must be expected of a poor, weak woman. It is sad—sad that such things must be."

"But, uncle, all those who believe, who have received convincement, are not mad. They have not the cause to be bereft of reason that my mother has. What of William Penn, and Robert Barclay, and Nicholas More?"

The staff was again grasped firmly, and

came down with a thump. "Even the best of men can sometimes be bewitched, and can be caught in the whirl of a zeal for a moment. I tell you, child, there are false prophets, blind leaders of the blind. It cannot endure. Already the authorities find them a turbulent, law breaking, impudent rabble, who would set our kingdom all awry if allowed their way. I must keep my brother's daughter safe within our gates." The arm around the girl gave a little pressure to the slight figure, and Dorothy's lips quivered.

"But my mother," she said. "She is in prison. Oh, uncle, my mother!"

"My brother's wife. Marmaduke's wife. I remember that. We'll see, my lass, that she doesn't tarry there long. I warrant one night's taste of it will cure her folly. Now, go to bed like a good child, my sweeting. No one shall harm you or your poor mother while you stand by your old uncle." And in another moment he had clumped out of the room.

Poor little Dorothy spent many wakeful hours that night. Her uncle's wrath had only made her persistently resolved to follow her mother's teachings; but the softer, gentler mood—the argumentative tone had made her a

little doubtful, and she wondered if, after all, these followers of George Fox were right; and it might be, as her uncle said, that her mother's mind had become unbalanced by her husband's death. But it was a very pale and mournful-eyed little girl who met her uncle at breakfast the next morning.

"Tut! tut! this will not do. Fine weather, fine outlook, and so pale a maid! We must have you into a chaise, and have you out for an airing!"

"Whither, uncle?"

"Whither? To Bristol town. I'll see what is to be done about that foolish little mother of yours. I've friends enough to win us her release. Come, bring a smile to those red lips. We'll soon have you merry when this nonsense is over. I like not long faces on a pretty lass. 'Tis out of keeping. Come, Dolly, my maid, we'll be off." And soon they were passing between sweet hedgerows, and before long entered the city of Bristol. "We'll stop at Cousin Preston's," said the Squire, "and I'll leave you there. I like not to take you to courts and councils. Stay with Cousin Frances, and we'll have your mother with you in a twinkling. Not so sober, my Dolly; you must

fain do as you are bid." And Dorothy, without protest, was left at her cousin's door.

It was, however, a restless morning which she passed, despite the fact that these cousins did their utmost to show her kindness. Yet she felt their displeasure at her mother was great, and it hurt her much to see the eyebrows lifted, the half-sarcastic smile and the open censure.

Cousin Frances Preston was a widow, whose husband was own cousin to Marmaduke and Humphrey James; her son, indeed, was the heir of Humphrey Hall, which, being an entailed estate, would pass to Jasper at the death of the present owner. A nice boy was Jasper, always a sturdy defender of his second cousin, Dorothy, and when his grandmother, with a smile of amused tolerance, asked Dorothy if she, too, meant to be a Quaker, Jasper spoke up, "No matter what else she means to be, she'll be a good daughter; that I well know." And Dorothy shot him a grateful look. The question of her being a dutiful daughter had heretofore been less weighty than that of her being a dutiful niece, it seemed.

High noon found her uncle still absent, and a growing fear possessed the girl that her

mother's release was more difficult to obtain than at first appeared. But at last the familiar sound of the sturdy stick was heard, and Dorothy hurried out to meet the Squire, whose face at once showed annoyance and chagrin. "A pest on these puling varlets," he cried. "Obstinate donkeys, that have taught a simple woman that dogged stubborness is religion! Not a step will your mother budge, though I held the order in my hand."

"But why, cousin, why?" spoke up Mistress Preston.

"Because, forsooth, she must decline to promise she will not repeat the offence. Say the justices, an' if she will but say she speaks no more in public, 'tis enough; but not a promise will she give. Easy enough 'tis, too, that she is let off, when whippings are plentiful for such as follow so scurvy a crowd; but 'tis her first offence, say they, and—she is the widow of Marmaduke James. Well, I am through with the vile business. I like not a mulish woman."

"Whenever was Hester James mulish before?" cried Mistress Preston. "'Tis not her habit, cousin."

"No, my fair Frances, nor would it be, save

for these insane leaders, who have scattered her wits."

"And did you not so tell the justices?"

"Aye, did I; but on such pleas, say they, all could be liberated."

"Then, say I, a mad house for the whole crew."

"Aye, 'were fittest. But since Hester desires a stinking prison more than a sweet home, let her lie there. Come, Dorothy, we'll get back."

But no Dorothy was to be seen. At the word of her mother's continued imprisonment, she had fled into the street, and was now walking swiftly toward a house where she knew meetings were held. Some friend, she conjectured, would help her to find her mother, and perhaps tell her how release was to be won. She reasoned that her uncle had not, perhaps, given sufficient concern to it, that he had joined his friends in censuring her, and that a daughter's entreaties would serve better than those of any one else.

She had not reached the place of her destination when she met one of the women who, she knew, was one of the foremost of the Bristol meeting. "Ah, Rachel Townsend,"

cried the girl, "Hast thou seen my mother? Canst thou tell me of her?"

"Thy mother! Oh, 'tis Hester James's daughter. My child, she suffers for conscience sake, with others who discern the truth. Thou hast heard how many are being persecuted for righteousness' sake. Our meetings show sadly the lack of friends who were wont to bear testimony. Even now my heart is cast down for them." Then she raised her voice. "But woe! woe! woe to the destroyer! I see by faith the righteous to triumph. I see the chains rent asunder, the voice of the Lord causing the earth to tremble. Woe! woe to those who raven the innocent!"

Her voice rose higher and higher, and she lifted her arms above her head, standing as if transfixed. Then she burst forth again. "Beware! beware! ye that work abominations."

Presently there came a rush of feet, a clamor of voices, and a noisy rabble swept around the corner. "Here's more of them! At them, sirs!" came from the ringleader, and in an instant Dorothy and her companion were surrounded. Hoarse cries, invectives, insults were hurled at them. "We'll make them quake," cried one bold fellow. "Here, my

lass, take this for the one cheek, and then I'll take the other." And he bent his face close to Dorothy's.

But in another instant a staggering blow sent him sprawling. "Run, Dorothy, run into the first house," cried a familiar voice. But Dorothy hesitated, for Rachel Townsend stood her ground, buffeted, jeered at, mocked and set upon though she was.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried her defender, who was none less than her cousin, Jasper. "Here, boys, you know me. I'm no Quaker. Make way, for my cousin and I wish to pass," and, taking Dorothy by the arm, he made a dash through the crowd, and the roysterers, thinking they had, perhaps, made a mistake, were content to let them go, and wreaked their mischief on the woman in their midst.

More especially were they willing to do this, for there appeared on the outskirts of the crowd another woman, who, bearing a pitcher in her hand, dashed it to the ground, crying: "Thus shall the Lord's enemies be dashed to pieces."

A shout went up, which rang in the ears of the girl, hurried down a side street by her cousin.

"Why did you go, Dolly?" he asked, when they were safe.

"To find my mother, Jasper; I was moved to find friends who might help me."

"Well, you were moved in the wrong direction. Your uncle will be sadly fretted that you have done this."

"But how didst thou find me?"

"Bless us! She takes to the theeing and thouing as naturally as a duck to water. Why, Dolly! I guessed you'd be hunting up your mother or her friends, and I knew their haunts, so I ran after you. Now, come, we'll go back home."

But Dorothy stood still. "'Twas my mother I was seeking, Jasper. Said I not so?"

"Yes, but you won't find her in the middle of the streets. I'm sorry enough that so it is." He looked down at the girl, and saw two big tears standing in her blue eyes.

"There, Dolly, don't cry. We'll go hunt up the justices ourselves, and perhaps we can win an order from them for your mother. Yet, methinks, had she cared for you, as you for her, she would have given the promise."

"Nay, Jasper, said not our Lord to forsake all and follow Him?"

Jasper bit his lip. It was evident he thought that the mother's duty lay nearer home. "Well, well, we'll find the justice and hear him. By my faith, they're at it again. What's this coming? The Quakers are out in force to-day. What's the trouble, Will?" he accosted a lad passing by.

"'Tis one of those shrieking Quakers, Jasper. He set a white sheet about him, and carried a lantern into a Papist church, crying, 'Light for darkness!' and they hustled him out at a lively pace, and are beating him with staves. The town is fair mad with the one or the other, the rabble, which the law encourages in the onslaughts on the Quakers, or the Quakers in their foolish performances; but, save for their outlandish freaks, and much very plain and rather offensive speaking, these Quakers seem an inoffensive set."

"They certainly do not hesitate to abuse with their tongues, however quiet they keep their hands," returned Jasper. "I can fancy our justices are not well pleased at being rebuked in very open terms by prisoners brought before them for disorderly conduct."

"Truth it is, they are not;" and the young man passed on.

"I tell you, Dorothy," said Jasper, "I am thinking perhaps I can do better alone. I fear your plain speech may do our cause no good. I'll take you home, and there you'll bide till I come back, and I'll not come so long as I can get a word with those in power."

Dorothy hesitated. She longed for her mother, but she felt that perhaps she ought not to yield to Jasper's suggestion. Yet, after all, she was only a little girl, and it might be that it was not given her to chide. She might, perhaps, wisely leave that to her elders. And so she allowed herself to be led back to her cousin's house, where she learned that her uncle had gone, and had left word that she should remain till he should come or send for her.

"The child's not to be blamed for feeling distraught after her mother," he said, "and I am not wroth at her. I feel ill at ease—ill at ease over these matters."

"But you must keep your temper," returned Mistress Preston. "So you must, Humphrey, or perhaps," she added, with a laugh, "I should say, you would best get rid of your temper as quickly as you can, for, from what I hear, you have an over goodly share of it."

"Fie! Frances, fie! to so chaff an old man."

"Old! 'Tis not years make you old, cousin."

"And what then?"

"'Tis your willing it so. Are you older than Captain Henly? Not a whit, I'll bargain."

"True, fair Mistress Preston. You have an observing eye. Captain Geoffrey and I were boys together, and, if I mistake not, he wore his christening robe before mine was thought of." And the Squire drew himself up, and bowed gallantly, as he and his staff reached the door. Mistress Preston looked after him with a smile. She had her own reasons for flattering the Squire. She was an astute woman, yet not an ill-natured one, and she felt very sorry for the little girl, who soon entered with so drooping a mien that it quite went to the woman's heart.

CHAPTER III

JOHN WINTERTHORN

Mistress Preston went forward to meet Dorothy, saying: "Poor little lass! this is a sorry time for you. Come, little one, tell me, hast thou seen Jasper?"

"Yes, cousin."

"And he brought you home?"

"He did, and has gone forth again. He bade me tell thee that thou shouldst not be concerned if he tarried long, for that he was on business bent."

"For you, I doubt not. Jasper is ever knightly."

"He promised he would do his best to gain my mother's release."

"Poor little maid, sad, sad it is that you are so afflicted. Tell me, Dorothy, how happened it your mother is so beset about these

Quakers. When did she come under this influence?"

"'Twas at my Cousin Hickman's, I think. She was there one day, and heard a great preachment, which brought about convincement for many. She was one who found satisfaction, and since then she has been a Friend, and so am I."

"You?" the woman's laugh rang out merrily. "Why, of course, you are what your mother is. So was I at your age what my mother was; and if Mistress Hester turns Papist, Papist will you be; and if Baptist, the same. I grant you that, little Dorothy. Now, tell me what did I hear you telling Bertha? There are wild blades about town who have used the occasion of this Quaker uproar to behave very loosely. I trust you saw naught of it. 'Tis not well for a young maid to venture forth alone."

"I did see much rioting, and I, myself, was set upon."

"You! Ah, and Jasper freed you?"

"Yes, I spoke to a Friend, one Rachel Townsend. She was moved to declare a prophecy, and I was with her."

"An ill-moving for you. I have no

patience with these wretched disturbers of the peace, and to bring trouble on an innocent maid, who had gone forth alone. I trust she is well in gaol—ah, there, my lass, I forgot; I had not meant to wound you, but I think she might have spared you her presence, if she meant to bring a wild rabble about her. Still, I confess these people are treated cruelly, whipped and driven and tortured to death. I like it not; I like it not. But hark! I think I hear Jasper. Let us see, Dorothy," and, grasping the girl's hand, she hurried down the hall to meet her son, who was advancing with Dorothy's mother.

"Said I not I would do my best, coz?" cried the lad. "You should have heard me argue down our good friend, the judge, mother, and he was so moved by my orating that he gave me the order forthwith. So, now, Dolly, you have your mother safe and sound."

But Dorothy scarce heard him; her arms were around her mother's neck, and she was sobbing out her too full heart on the shoulder of the released culprit, who whispered: "There, my little one! There, my sweet, 'tis all right. Thy mother is with thee; 'tis not a time for weeping, but rather for rejoicing. See, thou

hast not spoken to Jasper, nor thanked him for his kindness."

"Oh, Jasper, I do thank thee. I do," Dorothy exclaimed, "and I shall not forget thee. No, never, never!" and then she turned to her mother. "Did they treat thee ill, mother?"

"Nay, not beyond my endurance. I did but support the trial for a right, as thou knowest."

"You will tarry with us over night, Hester," said Mistress Preston. "Humphrey allowed me to entertain Dorothy, and I am sure you will need a more comforting pillow than that you had last night."

Mrs. James smiled. "Yes, Frances, I shall be glad of it," she replied, simply; and that night Dorothy went to sleep holding her mother's hand.

It was the Squire's special messenger who came early the next morning for Dorothy and her mother. John Winterthorn was Humphrey James' foster-brother, and was employed by him in all matters of importance needing coolness and good judgment. A queer, one-sided sort of a nature was John's; he, himself, was a queer, one-sided sort of a man. Hard as a flint toward poachers, thieving urchins or trespassers, but tender as a child when it came

to the question of a wounded bird or an ailing beast. He adored the Squire, and would cheerfully have given his life for him. With one eye an inch below the other, and his mouth drawn to one side by a weakness of the facial muscles, with which he was born, he looked like some fantastic mask, or an attempted likeness, very much out of drawing, of his elder sister, Margery. He had always been devoted to Dorothy, although he snapped and snarled at her mother, for John was no respecter of persons, save that he gave the utmost reverence to the Squire, and valued the family honor above everything else. It was, therefore, a sour countenance that he turned toward Mistress James when they were on their way back to Humphrey's Hall.

"An' you'll be disgracing the family, mistress, I hear. An' my master like a father to you all these years. A sorry day when Master Marmaduke took to wife a loud-mouthed—"

"Hush, John!" cried Dorothy, peremptorily; "'tis you who disgraces the family by such words."

Her mother laid a gentle hand upon her, although the warm blood had surged up to her pale cheek. "Peace, my child, peace. Remem-

ber 'tis the part of a Friend not to answer hotly."

"But, mother, am I to let a servant abuse you?"

John turned his distorted eye upon her. "Have done, lass," he said. "I'll 'tend to my manners when she 'tends to her duty. 'Tis of Squire Humphrey I'm thinking, and not the runners after George Fox."

"It is borne in upon me that thou, too, wilt become a follower of George Fox," exclaimed Hester James, suddenly; "that thou wilt become so tender and loving as to receive the seed. Thus wilt thou cast off the robe of prejudice," and she threw her mantle from the carriage to the ground.

John stopped his horse and went back for it. "She's daft," he muttered, "clean daft; 'tis as the master said. I'll not bandy words with her, the poor stricken creature." The tide of his anger was turned by this proof of what he believed to be her insanity, and he cast pitying glances at her and Dorothy till they reached the Hall. During the greater part of the way Mistress James seemed buried in thought. Once or twice her lips moved, and then gradually came over her face a look of

resolute brightness, as if she were expecting some good and great event. There was a smile on her face as she passed directly through the house to the morning room, where she was sure to find her brother-in-law. She did not allow him time for speech, but announced in a clear voice, "I am moved to go beyond seas, Humphrey. The light of the spirit has this day revealed it to me, and I am now bidden to cast in my lot with those who go to join William Penn's colony."

The Squire looked up from some papers he had been reading. "So, mistress? I think it is a sad undertaking for one delicately nurtured. 'Twould be of better service to your mind and body to seek a skilled physician, who can 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

"I have need of but one physician," was the answer, "and to Him I would I could lead thee, Humphrey."

"Humph! I prefer to be led by those who know whither they are leading. So, during your stay in prison you have wrought out this scheme of joining the colonies, have you? And what about Dorothy?"

The mother smiled down at the girl by her side. "And what about Dorothy?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, shall I not go, too?"

"Says the spirit thus to thee, my child?"

Dorothy knitted her brows. Spirit or inclination, she had but one answer to give, "I know, mother, that I would fain go where thou goest."

The old man sitting in the spring sunshine, turned an agitated face toward her. "And leave me—leave your father's home, Dorothy?"

The girl looked distressed. It did seem hard that divisions should come; that this old man, whose best years had been devoted to Marmaduke James and his family, should now be bereft entirely.

"Come, too, uncle," said Dorothy, going over to him, and speaking earnestly.

He smiled. It was something gained, that she should want him at all. "I'm too old a man for such junketing, my lass; and my place is here where my duty is. Bide you here, too, you and your mother; or let us go away till these evil times are past. What say you, Hester? I am yielding you a point I had promised myself I should stick to. For the child's sake, let us have no differings."

"Her eternal good is what I seek," returned the mother.

"And is not this a Christian country? Has

she not our own church teachings? Does any one deny her the Bible or the prayers of a good priest? Has any one aught to say against her living a godly life? Not I, mistress. I would gladly see her enveloped in an odor of sanctity which well suits a woman. Bless you, I've not a word to say against her going to church every day, if so she wills."

"Vain, vain, the washing of the outside of the platter," returned Mistress James.

"Then, Dorothy, lass, your mother charges you with a foul heart, a wicked inward nature. A desperate-looking niece you are, I confess. Visit the poor and sick; bestow alms; do good and righteously; and yet you are too evil to stay at home, but must be transported beyond sea." The old man smiled sarcastically.

"Ah, Humphrey, so thou sittest in darkness as do many, many, in the land. The vain show, the outward symbols, alone appeal to them. Nay, nay, I cannot abide in a place where the sun shineth not; where destruction waiteth for my ewe lamb."

"Then," cried he, "out at once, out at once. My patience has come to an end. Yet, perchance, the advice of a leech would not be out of place, and a little blood-letting would ease

the pressure on the brain," he added, half to himself. "No, I will reconsider it. And you, Hester, take time to think it over. 'Tis true, the estate must go to the next of kin in the male line, but I have done well by it, and Dorothy shall not want."

"Vanity! vanity! the sale of a soul for Mammon. Nay, nay, better hodden grey and plain fare with the inward feast and the garb of purity."

"Bah!" exclaimed the irate man; "I'll out of this, and within a week, mistress, we'll have your last word."

Yet the rest of the day Dorothy beheld her mother busily engaged in getting together such a store of goods as she meant to take abroad with her, and the girl added her work to her mother's, so by night there were several boxes and chests packed and corded.

And then came a homesick feeling over the child. She loved Humphrey's Hall. She loved her uncle and old Margery, and even John Winterthorn. She realized that her uncle had been more than usually tolerant, and that he believed her mother distraught. Whatever uncertainty Dorothy felt, it always melted away in the calm presence of that beloved

mother; and now she was ready to pin her faith upon the Quaker beliefs, quite as ardently as ever. Yet she went out into the grounds, and wandered around with a great regret at heart. To a distant land among strangers! It was an appalling thought. Never to see the home of her ancestors; not to walk in the old churchyard, nor sit in the once beloved church; not to ride gaily across country to see Beatrice Lowe or Helen Savile; not to romp through the park with Jasper, nor visit the cottagers in the village beyond; never again to go with John to the farm, nor to Bristol to the shops. Dorothy stood with clasped hands before an old sun dial; the sight of it awakened more keenly all these memories, for time would pass and only the years would show what was ahead of her. None of these things, but all strange and new events.

The Squire had gone to town. Dorothy had left her mother writing letters, and Margery busy in the storeroom.

The little girl stood still so long before the sun-dial that John Winterthorn across the lawn, seeing her, wondered, and presently his crooked face peered over her shoulder. "What's there to see, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy stood with clasped hands before an old sun-dial—Page 48

"Oh, John, nothing but the flight of time. I was thinking, John, of how many times I had seen the shadows pass over this, and of how I should not watch them again."

"Why, miss! How's this?" He looked startled.

"My mother and I are going to join William Penn's colony."

"Surely not, miss, and is she no better?"

"Better? She is not ill, John."

"Is she not, then? It's the mind, not the body. Never but one of our family have ever done such queer things, and it's only a sick head or a sick heart that makes queer doings. Did the leech come?"

"Yes, he did; and my patient mother submitted to be bled. She said it was best, for that then she could prove 'twas no phantasy of the brain which possessed her, but the real truth itself."

John looked thoughtful. "If she were a James, I'd think she might have come by it through the same touch that was Master Hilary's," he said, half to himself.

"What dost thou say, John?"

"I was but thinking of your father's brother, Master Hilary, who was the only one who went beyond seas."

"Oh, yes; I have heard my mother speak of him, though she never saw him."

"He joined Lord Baltimore's colony, and died soon after reaching Maryland. A fine looking lad he was, but a year and a half younger than your Uncle Humphrey; an old man he would have been now. 'Twas his going off and his loss that hastened your grandfather's death. He was much set upon Master Hilary."

"And did he go for religion's sake?"

"Not he; he went for adventure's sake. He was a bold lad, and barely twenty-one when he left, and but thirty when he was killed by the Indians."

"Ah!" Dorothy recoiled. It added another pang to her parting to think of the savages in the country to which she and her mother were going.

"Miss Dorothy, don't 'e go, don't 'e go!" said John, laying his hand on her arm. "The master's had a sore time. He's been mortal good to you and your mother. 'Tisn't gratitude nor goodness to leave him in this fashion. Why, miss, I've seen him bite back the hot words many a time, so's to keep your respect. I've seen him tend your father like a woman; walk

him up and down all night long when he was sick; give up to him; do for him—why, miss, you don't half know,—and now in his old age to desert him, I say 'tis no religion, 'tis no truth nor righteousness; 'tis but pig-headedness."

"John!" Dorothy uttered the word with dignity.

"Yes, yes; I know 'tis your mother; but she is beset by an evil spirit, if spirit at all."

"Oh, John! my dear, good mother! Shame on you!"

"Nay, miss; shame on them that leads her wrong; that teaches her to forsake her duty. Don't 'e go, miss; don't 'e go, and maybe she'll not."

It was a sore temptation for Dorothy, and she did not answer for a moment. Then she said: "But, John, suppose my mother should stay. She must suffer for her belief. Such dreadful things go on every day, and they are getting worse and worse in Bristol. I know my mother would remain steadfast through all persecution, and perchance she might be imprisoned again, or beaten—my mother—beaten! I could not stand that. Surely, 'twere better for her to go where she could be free to do as she believed right."

"Then, miss, you stay while the master lives, and join her after. He's an old man, and 'twill go hard with him. Think; he has not only lost the brother who was as his own son, but the one who was like a twin to him. Master Hilary and him were comrades from babies up. He's had sharp sorrows, miss. Don't 'e give him more."

But Dorothy could not make promises, although she was greatly torn in her desire to add to the happiness of all. She walked slowly toward the house, turning over all this talk of John's.

CHAPTER IV

ON SHIP-BOARD

Dorothy found her mother walking up and down the room in more excitement than she had seen her show for some time.

"My daughter," she said, "I have sent off the boxes, and, though thy uncle forbade my doing so, I must go at once to Bristol. If I do not return to-night, thou must join me there to-morrow at Rachel Townsend's. Thy uncle is sorely wroth, for that I was moved to speak my mind to him. I bore testimony to the truth, and warned him of his evil ways. He took it in ill part, and bade me begone. Thou must know that I overheard his talk with the leech who came yesterday, and because of what I heard, I freed my mind to him. I would not have him think me an eavesdropper, and he said, did I persist in attending the meetings, I

should go to a mad-house. Think of it, Dorothy! worse, far, far worse, than leaving home and friends 'twould be, shut up from those I love, and that was the intent. Dost thou wonder that I hasten to find refuge from such ill-purpose? They will take thy mother from thee, and I shall nevermore breathe free air, nor follow my call to bear testimony to the truth."

"Oh, mother, I see! I see! 'Tis true my uncle thinks thee bereft of reason."

"Therefore, dear one, thou canst see my cause for haste. I think, for thy sake as well as my own, daughter, we had best leave these parts at once, if so be I find a vessel sails this week from Bristol as was reported; or it may be we shall have to sail from some other port; at all events we must be betimes. If I return not, take it, then, as assurance that our journey is set upon at once. I would have thee to go with me, but I know not what may come of my journeying to Bristol. It may be the authorities will have me in charge again, and I cannot have thee, too, suffer; 'twould add to my distress."

"Oh, but, mother, I would gladly suffer with thee."

"Nay, nay, 'tis not so borne in upon me that thou shouldst. I feel moved to go to the city, but not to take thee with me; bide thou here till to-morrow, and then seek me at Rachel's. Should aught occur, I will send thee a message. Soon, soon we shall be free. There, dearest, do not weep—'tis but till to-morrow, and perhaps thou wilt even see me return before night. One knows not what the voice may bid me do. I yearn greatly toward Humphrey. He has been a kind brother. I am grieved to thus distress him. Farewell, my love; kiss me again."

All Dorothy's pent-up feelings found an outlet in this adieu, and she watched her mother depart, after a final charge to be sure to reach Rachel Townsend's as early as possible the next day.

Her uncle showed a gloomy face at meal time. He was greatly troubled over his sister-in-law's movements. Should he leave her free to go and come, it must mean added persecution for her, distress for him and disgrace for all, so he reflected; and he decided that upon his return home again he would take extreme measures and treat her as one insane. That she really meant to leave the country so soon he was

not aware; for he believed she must give more time to the arranging of her affairs.

"'Tis a bad business, an evil time," he said to his stanch attendant, John Winterthorn. "I would have you go to Bristol, John, and keep track of Mistress Marmaduke James's actions. Should trouble seem impending, bear me word at once, and she shall be spirited away to a place of safe keeping. The old place up in Stafford would serve us well for a time; 'tis quiet and removed from cities. 'Twere best for her and the child that she go there."

John comprehended the situation, and departed.

Already, however, Mistress James had made her plans. The vessel bound for the colonies was to bear more than one Friend to the new province of Pennsylvania, and Hester made hasty arrangements. Her boxes were placed on board, and she took passage; then waited for Dorothy to appear.

By the next day John Winterthorn had discovered her intention, and post-haste set out to return to his master with the news. At the same time Dorothy started forth toward the town, having arisen before her uncle, from whom she had taken her leave the night before.

"Poor uncle! poor uncle!" she said to herself, "he does not know this is my final good-bye," and she ran back to give him an extra kiss after her foot had touched the stair.

And now in the early morning she had stolen forth, being fearful lest she should be detained. She skirted the lawn and went through a little wicket gate, instead of by the lodge, and she was hurrying along when she came face to face with John Winterthorn.

His twisted face looked more snarly than ever as he came up to the girl hurrying along. "Whither so early, miss?" he asked.

"To Bristol, to see my mother," she replied, promptly and truthfully.

"To join your mother and slip off like a thief in the night, eh! A brave leave-taking! Stay, miss, not so fast," for she was hastening on. "I know the whole plan, and that your mother has taken passage on the ship, which sails to-day. Now, I'll go back with you, since you must go, and I'll have no rabble setting on you while I am by. You give me leave to see you on your way?"

"Oh, yes, John. 'Tis kind of thee. I am to meet my mother at Rachel Townsend's."

"Then back I go ;" and John grimly marched by her side back to the town.

"I am fain to see the last of the lass," he told her mother. "Bid me take her to the ship, since 'tis thither you are bent."

"Oh, good John, I willingly bid thee see her safely there," Hester James told him. "Thou knowest where the vessel lies."

"Aye, do I. I'll see her there, and meet you at the water's edge."

"I am glad to leave it so, for I have many matters to attend to, and may be kept till the last moment. So go, Dorothy, when John comes for thee."

"I hate to have thee leave me, mother," the girl said an hour later ; "for, if John should not come, I might not meet thee at the ship, and should lose thee."

"Nay, child, I shall not step aboard till I receive the assurance from John that thou art safe."

So Dorothy contented herself as best she could, and was glad when John at last appeared, and they were ready to take their way through the streets to where the ships lay.

"Let me wait here till mother comes," begged Dorothy, when they paused at last

before a vessel, lying a little out, on which the bustle of departure was apparent.

"No," returned John, "I like not to have you hear the speech of the men on the wharves, nor be elbowed by them. Get you on board, miss! There, I'll give you a hand. Safe there! Now sit you down content. This lad will row us out to yon dark hulk, and there I'll leave you, and go back to meet your mother, as I promised." He helped her up the side of the big ship and saw her comfortably settled on deck, where he left her, trembling and excited, watching eagerly for her mother to appear.

But moments passed, minutes became hours, and she beheld more than one vessel pass out of the dock. She noted one in particular, crowded with passengers, a big craft it was. She wondered where it was going. Then a soft pall of darkness settled down and Dorothy suddenly became aware that the vessel on which she was had begun to move slowly out.

As she realized the fact, that she was alone, and that no mother had come aboard, she sprang to her feet and cried, "Oh, where are we going? Where is my mother? Oh, I cannot go! I cannot!"

"What is the matter, my lass?" asked a man by her side.

"Oh, sir, I cannot go on alone! My mother has not come."

"So? but we'll drop anchor again directly. I think the captain means but to stay over night a little further out."

"And then I shall not be taken to America till there is a chance of my mother yet coming?"

"To America?"

"Yes, we are to go to the colony of Pennsylvania."

"Not on this ship."

Dorothy looked bewildered. "Not on this ship?" she repeated. "Why, is not this bound for the colonies?"

"Not a bit of it. We are shipped for the Mediterranean. Yon big vessel you see off there,—a speck she is becoming, that is the vessel that sailed for America. She passed us an hour ago."

"Oh, I saw one so filled with passengers that I wondered! Was it she?"

"It was she."

"But my mother could not have been on board. Not without me—without me!"

"Eh? We'll have to see the captain about

this. Come below, my little maid, and let us look into this. Aye, there, Captain Higgins, you've shipped the wrong passenger," the man said, as a bluff-looking, red-faced individual appeared in sight. He paused and listened to Dorothy's account of herself.

"'Tis clearly a mistake," he said. "Your man has brought you aboard the wrong ship. Yet I know not how he has managed it. The best I can do is to send you ashore in the morning. Will you be content till then, miss? By your speech I take you to be one of those against whom the town is greatly incensed, and there are, in these ways by the waterside, rough roysterers, who would think it sport to affright a lonely maid, and 'twould be no kindness to send you to land to-night if I could. In the early morning some incoming craft will take you."

Dorothy's lip quivered. "But my mother will be sore distraught, sir, and I would fain see her and re-assure her."

"You were to set sail at peep of day, I heard you say, Captain," interposed the man who had befriended Dorothy. "An' you will send me ashore with a good arm for rowing, I will see the maid to the house of her friends and be back again betimes."

The Captain again rubbed his chin. "'Tis risking the loss of a sailor at best," he returned, "for the pot-houses will be sure to prove a snare to any one I send, and I am anchoring out that I may have a sober crew."

"Your name, my lass," said the man, addressing Dorothy.

"I am called Dorothy James."

"Is it so? You are, perhaps, a kin of Squire Humphrey James?"

"I am his niece, and Humphrey's Hall has always been my home."

"Then, Captain, I must see the maid safely returned. The Squire and I are old friends. Ah, now, I think—" He bent and looked closer at Dorothy. "I see; it was your mother whose release the Squire sought but a short time since."

"Yes, and we were to go to Pennsylvania to-day. It will be a sore disappointment to her to lose me and her opportunity of going."

"I doubt it not. Well, Captain, hire me a man and a boat, and I'll pay for both and hold myself responsible for their return in good order, or else myself will play sailor for you. Yet, methinks my best plan is to keep the man in sight. That I will do, and we will be back so quick as we may."

And, therefore, after a little more parley, a boat was lowered into the black waters, and Dorothy was helped down the vessel's side and was rowed swiftly toward the city, whose twinkling lights were reflected in the moving waves. Night added to the terror which took possession of the girl. She was with utter strangers on this body of water, which now in the darkness seemed ready to engulf her. Would she land safely? and after that, would she ever reach her mother? Might not this be an enemy to the Quakers, who was ready to cast her into the gaol?

As if answering her thoughts, the man who had interested himself in her said:

"I've not told you my name, Mistress James. I am George Billings, a merchant and a friend of your uncle, to whom I am in debt for many favors, and this occasion affords me an opportunity of wiping out some of my scores. Where shall I deliver my charge?"

"My mother left me at Rachel Townsend's."

In the dark Dorothy did not see the scornful little smile on the man's face, but he replied, "Then, thither we will go. Come, my man," he added, turning to the sailor. "I am not to lose sight of you. Stick by me and you shall have

a piece of money for the sacrifice of giving up a carousal with the lads of your own ilk."

Through the dim streets they took their way and arrived at last at Rachel Townsend's, where not a light was burning, but after a little time a thunderous knocking aroused some one, and a head was seen at one of the upper windows.

"Is Mistress Marmaduke James here?" inquired Mr. Billings.

"Hester James? Nay, she departed for the colonies this very day."

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, "is it thou, Rachel?"

"'Tis I, and,—nay, it cannot be Hester's daughter!"

"But it is I—Dorothy."

"I will come down," returned Rachel; and in a few moments she appeared at the door. "How is this, Dorothy?" she asked; "where is thy mother? What has happened?"

"That I wish to know. Is she not here?"

"Nay, I left her on shipboard. She was in haste, for the captain, even then, hurried her, and bade her get aboard."

"But did she not know I was not there?"

"Nay; but she thought thou wast. She was assured by John Winterthorn that thou wast. I saw him myself; he waited on the

wharf, and thy mother asked, 'Is Dorothy safe aboard?' and he replied, 'Aye, she is safe aboard,' and then thy mother stepped in the little boat in waiting, and was rowed out to where the big vessel lay, and at once she set sail. I watched her."

"Oh!" Dorothy began to sob. "She is gone, she is gone. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"I have my suspicions," said Mr. Billings, "that John Winterthorn has purposely misled you. But, now, since your mother is not here, would I not best take you to one of your relatives? Mistress Frances Preston is a cousin, if I mistake not."

"Yes, she is; but is there no way to reach my mother?"

"I fear not, but it may be she will discover that you are not with her, and if in time, and an incoming craft is met, she may be able to return on her. So rest you quiet with that hope."

"Cursed be he who oppresses the widow and the fatherless," began Rachel Townsend.

"There, there, my good woman, have done with that," interposed Mr. Billings; "we want no rabble about our ears at this hour." And

taking Dorothy by the arm, he hurried her away, and they next brought up at her Cousin Preston's. Here lights were glowing and voices were heard in gay talk. Dorothy was given into Mrs. Preston's hands, and Mr. Billings hastened away, leaving a very forlorn little girl weeping in her cousin's arms.

"Poor little lass, poor little lass; tell me all about it," said Mistress Preston, and Dorothy sobbed out her story.

"Why, John Winterthorn was here but a short time since," Mrs. Preston told her. "I will send one of the maids to see if he has yet gone," and before long the old man appeared. He looked astonished at seeing Dorothy. "My faith, miss," he stammered, "are you here?"

Dorothy brushed away her tears indignantly, crying, "Yes, and 'tis thy doing, John. Thou hast brought this sorrow upon me. Oh, why—why didst thou not take me to my mother's ship?"

John looked down at his toes, but said never a word for a full minute. "I took you to the ship that I was told was bound for the colonies," at last he said.

"I believe thee not," returned Dorothy. "Thou hast deceived and injured a poor, inno-

cent girl, and a great wrong lies at thy door. I wish I might never see thee more."

"There, Dorothy, there; do not take it so to heart. John did, perhaps, mistake," interposed her cousin.

"Then why did he meet my mother at another place, and see her go toward a ship further up, when he knew I was not on it? He assured her I was safe aboard. No, no; I see it now. He has all along tried to keep me from going, and ill will follow him for this deed—it must. Oh, my mother! my mother! Shall I never see thee again?" And the child, overcome with grief, burst into a fresh torrent of tears, while John Winterthorn left the room at a signal from Mrs. Preston.

The next day Dorothy found herself back again at Humphrey's Hall, where she was received joyfully by her uncle.

"And so I have you again, you little runagate. Never mind, I will not scold, so long as you are back with me, nor will I question the method by which you were brought. No, no; tell me no tales. Come, little one, we will settle down in the old way."

"And you will not send me to my mother?" queried Dorothy, in whose heart this last hope

had been growing since the day had brought no sign of her mother.

"Not a bit of it will I. A pitiful thing, indeed, it would be to ship you over seas to a poor, demented fanatic; to send you to a howling wilderness, with not a soul to look after you, or to keep the Indians from scalping you. No, no; I have too much concern for your welfare, my dear."

The Squire was well pleased at what he believed to be a most opportune and satisfactory solution of the problem which had troubled him not a little, and he seemed more sunny and genial than the household had seen him for many a day.

But poor little Dorothy drooped, and went around with so mournful and pitiful a face as made her uncle secretly feel very sorry for her, but he made no allusion to her distress. Once she tried to go to a Friend's meeting at Bristol, but she was captured and brought back. Squire James was determined upon breaking up all such associations, and he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his niece, yet not such as would restrict her while she kept within bounds. Moreover, he exerted himself to take her driving in his chaise, and loaded her with presents

and favors. Yet all this did not bring the color to Dorothy's cheeks, nor take the longing from her eyes.

And then occurred one of those strange incidents which, in those days of religious excitement and superstitions, took place very frequently, and which, unexpected as it was, altered the current of Dorothy's life.

CHAPTER V

A SECOND FLIGHT

Dorothy was walking down toward the lodge one morning, when she heard a clamor of voices, and saw a small group of persons gathered around the gate, outside of which the tall form of a woman stood. Against the wall, trembling and shaking, cowered John Winterthorn, and the woman, Rachel Townsend, was addressing him in a shrill voice. With one hand she scattered coin upon the dusty road, at the same time tearing the garments from her.

"I am a sign to thee," she cried. "So shall the Lord scatter thy possessions; so shall He strip thee of thy hypocritical professions. Shake, aye, quake and tremble! The Lord knoweth thee for a hypocrite and a dissembler. He will reveal thy hidden sins. Thou that dost devour

the substance of widows and orphans, the vengeance of the Lord shall pursue thee!"

It was a wonder that this outspoken Quaker had not before this been arrested and sent to the jail, for many had, for less, been so treated, but she, in some marvelous manner, had thus far escaped, and had determined to upbraid John for separating Dorothy from her mother.

Rhoda and her husband stood open-mouthed. Dorothy listened in silence while Rachel's tirade went on.

"Come out, come out and declare thy sins, else shall the Lord destroy thee utterly! Lo, He hath already laid His hand upon thee!"

John, still shrinking closer and closer to the wall, at last cried out, "I repent! I repent!"

Rachel, stooping, gathered up her coin, replaced her scattered robes, and stalked away, while John, bowed and trembling, came into the porch of the lodge and sat down.

Ever since her mother's departure, Dorothy had avoided the man to whom, as a child, she had been greatly attached, and John had felt her disfavor greatly. He tried every means to propitiate her. "Your Quaker preachers bid you forgive," he one day said, "and you do not forgive."

"I forgive thee, John," replied Dorothy, "but I do not wish to have aught to say to thee. I bear thee no malice. I wish thee no harm, but I cannot bear to see thee, for I am reminded of my mother, who now should be with me but for thy deceit," and she turned away, the tears falling fast.

The day following Rachel's visitation, John met Dorothy by the old sun dial. He looked broken and miserable. "Mistress Dorothy," he said, "I confess to doing you a wrong. I did beguile your mother into letting you go with me to the ship, for I had a hidden purpose to lead you wrong. I knew you were not on the right ship. I knew the one on which I left you would not sail till morning. The mate is a nephew of mine, and 'twas with him I arranged the matter. I meant to go back for you before you should set sail, for I knew the vessel on which your mother was would by then be far out, and I meant to deceive you both. I did it for your sake, mistress. I did in truth, but my eyes are open and I see my fault. It was for you and the master; but I did wrong. What can I do to make amends?"

"Oh, John," cried Dorothy, eagerly, "if thou couldst but get me to my mother."

"Aye, that will I, though 'twill go hard with the master."

"I know it. But, John, is it not right? and is it true that thou hast received convincement, as my mother prophesied?"

"Aye, mistress, I have, and I think I see clearly that I am in a state of sin and misery."

"And wilt thou join the Friends?"

"I cannot say. I am waiting for light; and now, mistress, I must tell you that I have business over seas. A wrong to right in another direction. Will you trust yourself to me again? I promise you to be faithful. I will take passage for us both on the next vessel that sails, if you will it. God grant, I am not doing wrong."

"But if my uncle knows it, he will detain me, and, John, I am weary for my mother. It seems so long—so long."

"I know, miss, yet it is hard to tell what is right."

"I think." returned Dorothy, "that I will ask my uncle to let me see my Cousin Frances. She is very kind, and she knows how desolate a mother can be without her child, and so she may help me. I think I can trust her, and she has good influence with my uncle. Moreover,

Jasper is the heir, and she would not willingly do him wrong by acting contrary to my uncle's pleasure. So I think she will speak fairly to me ; and if be that she can get me off, 'twill be well. My box of clothing my mother has ; I shall need but a bundle."

And that very evening she made her request that her uncle would allow her to go and see Mistress Preston.

"Give you leave? Faith, will I, Dolly. Frances will cheer you up, and Jasper, too, I'll warrant. A fine lad is Jasper."

"He is so, and I think he is a good son."

"My observance has been that he is. I shall like to see Mistress Preston myself. She has a gracious presence, and knows well how to smooth away the prickles."

And again Dorothy found herself in Bristol.

"I'll leave the maid with you, Frances, but I charge you, let her not gad, for she still has a leaning toward the shaking Quakers, and we must keep her apart from them. Have an eye over her, good Frances. Three days is the limit, mind," charged the Squire, as he took his departure.

Dorothy found occasion, very soon, to pour out her woes in a willing ear.

"Poor, little poppet, I am truly sorry for you. Let me think it out, Dorothy, dear, and I'll see what can be done to serve the interest of all concerned. Mad, Hester may be; but 'tis a simple mania which will not touch her love for you. Alack! how she must have grieved at finding herself each moment further separated. I'll warrant it took more faith and courage than any Quaker possesses to make her preserve a peaceful spirit. There, little one, do not weep. There comes Jasper. He is a most excellent comforter, I find."

She was so affectionate and interested, so handsome and smiling, that Dorothy plucked up heart, and met Jasper with a little smile of welcome.

"What a pale doll it is," he said, as he looked into her face. "Are you ill, coz?"

"She is heart-sick and homesick," his mother told him, "and small wonder; were your mother tossing on the high seas, and being borne away from you, my laddie, how should you feel? Ah, my son, 'tis a trying time for Dolly. Now, make your sweetest speeches to her, while I go think what is to be done."

And a most diplomatic bit of thinking the fair widow did. "'Tis fortune's chance," she

said to herself, clapping her soft, white hands together. "And no one is made miserable. True, I am setting out to feather my own nest. But to whose disadvantage? To no one's. I have not a heart so cruel as to wink at separating mother and child, and it would never do to leave Cousin Humphrey alone." She laughed quietly, and at night she stole into Dorothy's room with a light in her eyes and a glow on her cheeks. She looked very young and fair to be the mother of a lad eighteen years old.

"Well, my poor little heart, are your eyes still open?" she asked. "Let me sit here and talk to you. Dolly, dear, I think it is but right that I should help you join your mother. Now, if I help you to go, will you promise that your uncle shall not hear of it? I will do my best to make it all right with him. I will let him know at once, when you are fairly off. All I want is your assurance that he shall not know of my conniving at it. 'Tis but fair trade, think you not?"

Dorothy considered, "Yes, I do, cousin; I promise."

"Does your uncle know of John Winterthorn's strange confession?"

"I told him not. I forgot, in my eagerness to see thee about this other matter."

"It is well, and I hope he will not know for a pretty while. Will John tell him, think you?"

"That I know not. 'Twas but the day I left that I heard it, and my uncle does not return home till he calls for me on his way back from Stafford."

"True; then I think we can get you off before then, if so be there is a vessel going, and I think one will be sure to sail within that time; if not to Pennsylvania direct, to one of the other colonies, and from thence you can easily make your way. Now go to sleep, my pink; you shall see your mother soon."

"Oh, cousin, how good you are," cried Dorothy, throwing her arms around the other's neck.

"Ah, you forgot your *thou* that time," laughed her cousin; and, indeed, in moments of excitement, this Dorothy was likely to do. "I am very good—to myself. Good night, and fair dreams."

Mistress Preston was not given to dallying, and by noon the next day all Dorothy's arrangements were made. John Winterthorn was sent for, and clever Cousin Frances encouraged him in his belief that it was his duty to see Dorothy safe in her mother's hands.

"And I, myself, will pay her way," said Mistress Preston, "and thine too, good John." And, since the old man was a bit close, this clinched the matter, especially as Mistress Preston made an additional promise of informing the Squire as soon as he should return.

"I'm somewhat old for so long a journey," quoth John, "but 'tis my duty, ma'am, and I owe the dead still a greater one, and so I am willing to run any risks from savages or aught else."

"I think you'll escape the savages," returned Mistress Preston, with a light laugh, as she glanced at his bald head. "A poor scalp-lock you would furnish them. And now settle your affairs speedily, John, for the vessel will sail to-morrow."

Therefore it was that, as Squire James rode up before the door of the widow Preston's house, a vessel was spreading her sails to wing her flight across the broad ocean, bearing Dorothy and her henchman, the latter bewildered by the suddenness of the matter, and the former full of great joy at the thought of seeing her mother again.

Yet during the long voyage there came moments when the girl was filled with appre-

hension. It seemed a dreadful thing to leave her home; to desert her kind uncle, who, despite his sudden gusts of temper, had been always a person she could love and respect. Dorothy was young, and, left to herself, she would probably not have adopted Quaker ways; but the spirit of opposition was roused by coercive measures, and it was, perhaps, a spirit of wilfulness as well which, in the first place, so determined her to oppose her uncle. She liked pretty things; she was fond of her girl companions, and yet she had given up all these to join a set of persons so serious that laughter or mirth was decried by them, and beauty considered something which fostered an undue pleasing of the senses; so, no wonder that, more than once during her voyage, Dorothy sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, glad as she was that she was going to join her mother.

"Shall we have any trouble, thinkest thou, in finding her, John?" she asked over and over.

"No, mistress, I think not; I have asked many of these aboard, and they say if we but follow with those who join the Penn colony, no matter where we may be landed, that we shall eventually find her."

"Yes, I know, many Friends have already

gone, and my mother will find protection, I doubt not; but, John, it is such a wild country, and if the Indians do not cut off our scalps, the Puritans may cut off our ears. Several maimed thus I have seen. 'Twas done by order of the New England Governor, Endicott, they told me. What a wicked man he must have been. I am glad he is not now Governor, or I should be vastly afraid, should we land near the New England colonies."

"We are promised a direct trip to the Delaware," John told her.

"And where is that?" Dorothy's geography was not very clear to her.

"'Tis the body of water nearest the colony of Mr. Penn. I do not rightly know if it is a river or what; I but hear them say 'the Delaware.'"

"Perhaps a river like our own Avon. Ah, John, I shall never see the dear Avon again."

"Perchance you may, miss. I hope to, and I am much older than you."

"Aye; but thy mother is not waiting on the other side of the ocean for thee, for we are nearing land, I heard them say this morning. Dost thou suppose my uncle will be much enraged at us?"

"I fear so, Miss Dorothy, and I feel very bitterly at my share in the transaction. Yet so was I led, and I believe it to be right."

"What will he say when you—I mean thou—goest back? Will he not fall upon thee and do something dreadful?"

"That I do not know. I think he will berate me, but I have known the dear master too long to fear else than angry words from him."

"Ah, that is true, and when he sees thee patient and tender under reproof, I know he will repent his harshness. I wish that thou wert not going back; that thou wert going to remain with us. Ah, what is that?" She started to her feet, for a great shout had gone up, "Land! Land!"

"Oh, how glad I am; where, where is it?" Dorothy asked of her fellow passengers. "I see nothing."

"There, there it is," she was told. "That long, gray line, just at the horizon."

"'Tis but a bank of clouds I see."

"No, 'tis land. So says the captain."

"Ah, well, and then we shall ere long be on shore again." Dorothy was greatly excited, and so were many others who were venturing on this enterprise—the planting of a new home

in a strange country. Some of the women wept; others clasped their children and bade them cry, "Land! land!" It had been a long, weary time, nearly two months at sea, although it had been considered a good passage.

Then came one morning when Dorothy was awakened, to be called on deck by John, who showed her a broad river into which the vessel was entering. "'Tis the Delaware," he exclaimed.

"Oh!" Dorothy caught his arm. "It is a river; and, oh, John, how beautiful! What great trees, and how strange the green of the landscape. All seems so bright, as if just washed. What are those queer places off there? Like haystacks, are they not?"

"Them be wigwams," informed a sailor at her side.

"Wigwams! and what are they?"

"Where the Injuns live."

"Indians! Oh, are there any to be seen? Yes; oh yes; in those strange boats. See, John, see! real Indians!"

She was not the only one who was earnestly scanning the landscape, and looking with curiosity at the primitive inhabitants of this new land. One or two canoes were seen on the

river, and Dorothy, with childish fear, shrank close to John. "Will they shoot us?" she whispered. "Have they their bows and arrows?"

"They are peaceable," she was assured.

Up the beautiful stream swept the ship, for what seemed a long distance, but the hours passed quickly, for all was new and strange, and the sight of land, at all, was so welcome that it seemed as if the weary emigrants would never tire of feasting their eyes upon the fair shores.

Others, beside Dorothy, expected to be joined by those dear to them. Many were looking for such a re-union, and it was a happy company, which finally gathered on deck to watch the vessel make its moorings. Wives looked eagerly to discover the form of a beloved husband. Mothers strained their eyes to catch sight of their sons and daughters. Brothers looked for brothers, and all sighed for freedom.

Before them arose the thickly-wooded shores; around them paddled the barks of the Indians. At last the anchor was cast; one after another made the shore—a long, low, sandy stretch—and finally all stood on free soil.

With John at her side, Dorothy looked

wonderingly around at the luxuriant, wild growth, so unlike anything she had ever seen; at the broad river, at the huts and humble houses beyond in the clearing; and suddenly she became aware that around her was a company of Indians. She cowered close to John and clutched his arm, but not an Indian attempted to snatch a scalp-lock from any one. They stood grave, yet interested lookers-on, wrapped in their blankets. One or two offered a welcome to the newcomers, and to these Dorothy gave a shy smile, as she realized their good intent.

Then came other welcomes from those already settled; broad-faced Swedes and those who, speaking the English tongue, seemed brothers and sisters all.

"And what do they call this place?" asked Dorothy.

"Upland," they told her.

"And dost thou know my mother?" questioned the eager girl. "She is Hester James."

"Hester James?" The man she addressed considered, then his face cleared.

"Ah, yes, she came two months or more ago. She is here."

"Oh!" It seemed too good to be true

that at once she should be found. But the landings of the first emigrants were usually made at Upland, and it was not so strange as it would seem that Hester James should remain there. Indeed, it was with a strong hope that Dorothy would follow, that she preferred to stay, rather than go with friends to the older Jersey settlement of Quakers.

The news of the arrival of the vessel had already reached her, so that Dorothy had proceeded but a short distance toward the little Swedish village, when some one came hurriedly toward her with outstretched hands.

"Mother! mother!" came the glad cry of the girl, whose feet seemed to lag, however fast they flew, and in another moment she was clasped in her mother's arms.

CHAPTER VI

UPLAND

"Oh, my daughter! how fortunate that I was moved to remain here, and wait further guidance," were the first words of Dorothy's mother. "Come, now, we will go to the shelter these kind friends have provided for me."

"Wait, mother, for John."

"John!" she exclaimed in surprise. "'Twas he who has kept us so long asunder."

"Yes, I know, but he has come all the way with me."

"Did thy uncle send him?"

"Nay, mother, he came of his own accord. Thy prophecy has come true. He has received convincement. Oh, I have much to tell thee, mother. It seems as if I could talk forever,—but here is John."

As the old man approached, little of his

former aggressive manner was apparent. He seemed cowed and meek, and spoke very quietly when Hester James greeted him, and thanked him for bringing her daughter to her.

"'Tis a kind service that I shall not speedily forget," she said.

The beautiful summer weather made it an easy matter to find camping out passable, even when living in the manner which Dorothy discovered her mother to be doing.

"Why," she exclaimed, when Mistress James pointed out the spot where she was dwelling, "why, mother, 'tis not a house, 'tis like a cave." And so it was, and so, too, were many of the dwellings of the first settlers. The earth was dug into for about three feet, and with sods and brush the sides were built up, forming a rude shelter. Many of these places were quite cosy, and were comfortably furnished. Outside swung a big kettle between two poles, on a stick transverse, and families lived, children were born, and strangers entertained in these same caves.

Dorothy looked at it all with amazement. She had never seen anything in the least like it. Delicately reared, she at first shrank from

such a habitation. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "is it here we must live?"

"For the present, yes. I am fortunate in having ready prepared the cave of a Friend who has been called from hence to Jersey, and we can be very comfortable, dear heart. 'Tis, at all events, much better than the dungeons of England, for here the air is pure and sweet, and the water clear and good. We do not want for supplies, and my daughter, I am sure, will need no better friend than her mother."

"Nay, I do not," returned Dorothy, "and if thou canst endure it, surely I can. But John has a most lengthy visage; he seems ill pleased," and Dorothy laughed at John's lugubrious face. "What dost thou think, John?"

"That it is a good country, but a poor abiding place for such as you."

"We are no better than our neighbors, and the Son of Man had not where to lay his head," returned Hester, gently. "This, good John, is but temporary lodgment; after a time we shall build a better house. We hope that William Penn will soon visit the colony, and we shall better learn what to expect, although already his kinsman, William Markham, hath come in his stead,

and hath called a council. Thou wilt find all here are kind and generous. The Swedes are good neighbors, and the Indians friendly, whereas our own people seem as of one family."

There, in the quiet of a primeval forest; in sight of the sparkling waters of the broad river, within a stone's throw of a cluster of rude cabins, the mother and daughter spent their afternoon, talking over all that had happened, and planning for the future.

"I have a small sum of my own, Dorothy," said Mrs. James, "and with it I shall purchase a plot for us, and, after a time, we shall have a little home. 'Twill not be such as Humphrey's Hall, and, indeed, nothing better than a log house; but peace and content will dwell therein, so I hope, and we shall have neighbors of no better estate, who have had great wealth and position in England. But, there, we have been long talking and have forgotten John. Yet I doubt not he has found an abundance to interest him. Now, let us go and prepare our supper."

"Oh, mother, dost thou have to do that?"

"And why not?"

"I never saw thee do such things."

"Nevertheless I can. Thou shalt taste of

the fine fruits of the country, and of the maize, Dorothy. Thou hast never eaten maize."

"No, and what is it?"

"We buy it from the Swedes and the Indians. Some call it Indian corn. 'Tis a grain, large and sweet; when green it is very delicious boiled or roasted; when dry and broken it is called hominy, and when pounded or ground into meal it makes excellent bread. Come, we shall have a fish fresh from the river, some ripe berries which I gathered this morning, and some of this same maize. Can you make a meal?"

Her mother seemed so happy and cheerful, so different from what she had been at home of late, that Dorothy felt that hers had been a good move. She smiled and gave her mother a hug. "Oh, mother, dear, wherever thou art is home, and what can I desire more than is good and wholesome; besides I am very weary of the ship's stores, and long to taste these strange new dishes."

"There comes John; bid him join us," returned her mother.

"Do you mean that he is to eat with us? How strange!"

"Not stranger than many other things thou wilt learn here. I should like a pail of fresh

water, Dorothy. Dost think thou couldst get it for me?"

"From where, mother? The river?"

"Nay, that from the spring is better. Thou hast but to follow the beaten path ahead, and thou wilt see it. Thou canst not miss the way, and at this time of evening many will be taking the same path. Pluck no flowers or weeds, for some may be poisonous. Art afraid, daughter?"

"Of the Indians, I am a little."

"Thou needst not be; they will not harm thee, even if thou shouldst encounter them, but if thou shouldst meet one, or shouldst miss thy way, thou wilt find a ready guide to show thee where to go."

Smoke was curling up from many fires; the kettles swung in primitive fashion over them. It was like a big, busy encampment. Every settler along Dorothy's way nodded pleasantly to her, and she found that the spring was too well frequented for it to be difficult to find. It was a pretty place; the pure, cold water gushing from the rocks and purling down between nodding ferns and graceful flowering weeds. Many boys, girls and women were carrying pails to and from the place. Dorothy saw a squirrel frisking among the limbs of a great tree,

and heard the sound of axes farther in the woods, where men were busy at work with their tools, getting ready some sort of shelter for those just arrived. Their cheerful voices came pleasantly to Dorothy's ears. She would like to have stopped and watch proceedings, for she saw much to interest her, but she remembered that her mother was waiting, and she hurried back.

John had lent his help toward preparing the meal, and the fish, nicely cleaned and split open, was fastened to a board and was cooking before the fire, while as Dorothy approached, she saw her mother put down a second board, on which a johnny cake had been patted down.

"What a funny way to cook," laughed Dorothy. "It seems as if thou wert amusing thyself, mother."

"'Tis a strange place altogether, mistress," said John. "I have looked it over, and there is quite a village beyond, with some fair houses. The one across the stream, which they call Essex House, is quite habitable. Why does not your mother 'bide in some better place?"

"'Twas the best she could do, she says, for so many have come in, and the larger houses have all they can accommodate. We

shall but stay till our own little house can be built, and in summer time this will not be unpleasant."

"But those are respectable houses beyond, and better for one of her station."

"We are all on an equal footing, I hear my mother say."

"I like it not; I like it not; I would you were both better lodged. 'Tis not like your own fair chamber at home, mistress."

"But it is really quite comfortable in the cave; thou hast not seen how it is there. We shall do very well, I am sure, and here there is no fear of gaols, nor of spies and rabbles. Oh, John, hast thou seen any of the Indians' houses? I am most curious to see how they live. My mother says they strap their babies on a board and call them papooses. Is it not a funny word?"

"I have seen none as yet, but they appear a peaceable folk. It eases me greatly to so discover them, for else I had great fear in continuing my journey. I have bespoken a horse, a sturdy, strong, little creature; he seems well fitted to carry me down into the Maryland colony. I am told that further on I shall meet some one going that way, and shall have company, so I shall be well satisfied."

"Ah, must you go at once?"

"I must, for I wish to return to the old home as soon as I can."

Dorothy looked sober. "I wish thou couldst stay, John; it seems like really breaking away from all the old ties when thou dost leave."

"I needs must go. I have a task to perform, and my old bones will not stand a new country. I have no calling here, I think, and your uncle will need me. I have been often distressed to think of what must fall upon him whilst I am away. Mistress Dorothy, have you told your mother of my evil doing?"

"I told her that thou hadst forsaken evil ways. Why dost thou not say *thee* and *thou*, John?"

"I doubt I come to it; yet I may. So far, I see no reason why I should. I am but ready to be a better man and no longer abuse Friends. I shall stand up for them, whether or not I join their society. I like their morals, but not their too plain speech, which I fear me may make them meddlesome in the affairs of others. This dealing with friends I doubt is always a wise course."

At this moment Mrs. James called: "Come, John, come, Dorothy, our johnny-cake is nicely

browned, and the fish stands ready for our eating."

John went toward her and stood up very stiffly. "Mistress, I cannot partake of your food till I have your forgiveness," he said.

"Thou hast it cheerfully, John. Indeed, as I see it, 'twere best so, and was the Lord's way of bringing thee to convincement, and though 'twas a sore trial, now I have my daughter safe and sound, I am content."

It took some persuasion to make John sit down to the simple meal with them, but at last he yielded, although he was, at first, ill at ease, and begged to serve them; but this Mrs. James would not permit. She was rigid in her adherence to the simplest forms. Later these primitive Quakers might relax some of their severe strictures, but now the uncompromising teachings of George Fox prevailed upon them to hold to certain direct lines. It remained for the milder influence of William Penn to soften the beliefs of many of these stern souls.

Upon the banks of the Delaware, under a spreading tree, the soft summer breeze blowing gently from the river, Dorothy's first supper was made, and she learned that simplicity of living does not necessarily mean discomfort, for

she rarely had enjoyed anything more, and even thought the clearing away of the meal an amusing performance, involving, as it did, little work, so few were the utensils used. Instead of a broiling iron, a bit of board; instead of a baking dish, another plank. Wild berries served in green leaves, green ears of corn in their own husks.

Then came the beautiful end of day, and here came a new surprise for Dorothy. Suddenly she saw dancing, flitting lights over the low marshes; twinkling here, there, everywhere. "Mother, mother," she cried, "what are they? Aren't they strange and beautiful? Are they fairies?"

"What, daughter?"

"These tiny, dancing lights. See, John."

The man stared. "I never saw anything like them," he said; "never anything at all."

Mrs. James laughed. "They are but fire-flies," she told them.

"And what are fire-flies? Do they burn one?"

"No more than our glow-worms."

"Oh, I see. They are glow-worms with wings; but beautiful they are, the dear, dancing creatures. Mother," there was a twinkle in

the girl's eye, "I wonder they come so near, for the Quakers must disapprove of them for dancing."

"Dorothy." There was a little reproof in the mother's tone, but it was not very severe.

"I wish I could catch one and see its size," continued Dorothy.

"That is easily done."

"So it is," said the girl. "There is one tangled in thy hair, mother. Ah, let me get it. How queer it is. I thought it larger with such a bright lantern in its little body. 'Tis very convenient. I never saw anything so beautiful as the dancing light they make. There, go home, little fairy fire-fly," and she opened her soft hand to let the little creature escape. "Oh, mother, I have seen many wonderful things, have I not? I should like to send uncle a fire-fly, but I fear 'twould die before it reached him, and I should like to send Jasper an ear of corn."

"Thou didst not say adieu to Jasper?"

"Ah, but I did. Have I not told thee how Cousin Frances helped me on, and how 'twas she who paid my passage and gave me money beside?"

"Which I must return to her. She has not great wealth, and is nearly dependent upon her

mother. John will take the loan back to her, wilt thou not, John?"

"Aye, I will, if so be I return alive from my expedition into Maryland."

"Oh, surely thou wilt," spoke up Dorothy.

"Thou hast not told us what takes thee there, John," Mrs. James remarked.

"No; I will tell you on my return. It may be but a fruitless errand, yet if so, my mind will be at rest, and I shall have done more traveling than I ever thought would fall to my lot. I trust, mistress, when I am returned that you will be living in better estate, with a maid servant to do your work."

"That I shall in time. I have been thinking, John, that if thou couldst hear of some good and sturdy lass among Friends in Bristol, 'twould be well if thou shouldst send her out to me, when thou returnest. I had meant to write to some one there of the matter, but I think thou wilt know better what would be my need, since thou hast been here. I will pay her passage, and she can serve me to redeem it; many do so—some bringing other members of their families, and for a space of years serving those who buy their time."

"Then will I look for such an one. There

is many a lass will jump at the chance, I am sure. The idea pleases me well. I shall go back better content with that in prospect. I like not to tell the Squire that you soil your hands at labor for which you are ill-suited. 'Twill hurt his pride, and Miss Dorothy, too, must not be made a menial. I shall be sorry I brought her, if it comes to that."

"Ah, John, thou art yet somewhat under the dominion of the world, I fear, and would seek to raise some above others and give them undue honor."

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks, mistress ; and, although I feel myself a changed man, I'm like to take my hat off to you and my master, and believe you to be my betters to my dying day."

"Ah," exclaimed Dorothy, tiring of this subject, "how good it is to be on land again. I grew so weary of the ship ; it seemed as if I should never get rid of its odors and its narrow quarters. Tell me, mother, are there many of our Bristol friends here ?"

"Not many as yet."

"And are there girls of my age ?"

"There are but few, save of the Swedish families."

Dorothy put her head in her mother's lap and sat very still, while Mrs. James questioned John about matters in and around their old home. The girl's eyes wandered over the dim landscape, above which the deep sky arched, the stars showing their doubles in the stream below. In the great depths of the forest, beyond the clearing, could be heard the hooting of an owl once in a while. The sudden gleam of fireflies, or the sparks sent up from a dying fire, made the darkness more apparent. Rich, penetrating odors filled the air. Out on the river the tall spars of the ship were outlined against the sky. Occasionally could be dimly descried an Indian canoe swiftly darting through the water, the plash of the paddles becoming fainter and fainter as the little bark vanished into the darkness. It all seemed large, lonely and grand, and Dorothy, for a time, felt awed and almost oppressed by it, but she sought her mother's hand, and, being weary, she became drowsy, the gentle voice of her mother lulling her to slumber, and she was so sleepy that she hardly knew or cared when she at last lay down on her bed, made of pine twigs, to sleep soundly.

And so began the life in the new world.

The morning saw John Winterthorn well away on his expedition to Maryland, and then Dorothy took up a gypsy-like existence for the most part. True, she helped her mother to cook and mend and spin. She had the excitement of watching the little crafts come in from the older settlements in the Jerseys—and of making acquaintances among the Swedes, or the more mysterious Indians, whose manner of living was so very novel and interesting to the English girl. There were, moreover, two matters of anticipation: the coming of Mr. Penn with more emigrants, and the return of John Winterthorn from his trip.

It seemed as if this air of Pennsylvania stimulated Hester James to be merrier and more light-hearted, and at times she would frolic with Dorothy, as she did in days past. "Mother, thou art prettier than my Cousin Frances," the daughter said one day, looking at the pink cheeks and softly shining eyes of the Quakeress.

"Fie! Fie! Dorothy, thou must not beguile me in such strain," and Mistress Hester looked very demure.

"I but speak the truth, mother."

"They say thou growest like me, Dorothy," returned her mother.

"Do I, then? I am very glad. Who says so?"

"Friend Benjamin Taylor."

"The big fat one is he?"

"Nay, the younger, his brother." The mother's face had a pretty flush on it.

Dorothy sat considering the speech, with a little uneasy feeling at heart. She wondered if she liked Benjamin Taylor very much, and also why he made such a remark to her mother.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE WOODS

It surprised Dorothy to see not only her mother, but many other women, newly arrived, set themselves cheerfully to work to do those things which were the duty of the maid-servants at home. It took some time before the little girl, a born aristocrat, could reconcile herself to these conditions. The coming to Pennsylvania had been anticipated as a rather romantic episode ; but stern reality met Dorothy on shipboard, and now resolved itself into a somewhat hard existence. It was one thing to be daintily served at her uncle's table, and another to clean fish, mix meal, and carry water in this new home. But here she was and there was no help for it. To be sure, living was reduced to the simplest forms, not so elaborate as a modern camping out, or an ordinary

picnic ; but preparations for the future had to be considered, even if the cares of the present were comparatively few.

However, it was a great pleasure for Dorothy to be with her mother ; to spend days in the sweet-smelling forest, to take expeditions down the river to some other settlement, or to visit the Indian lodges, and the homes of the Swedes. All this was novel and delightful, and had the charm of that romance which the girl had hoped for, compensating in a great measure for the sacrifices and hardships.

She was, therefore, not displeased when her mother said to her one morning, "Dorothy, child, I think I must send thee to old Taquana for a certain ointment, which she prepares very skillfully, I am told. Dost think thou canst go without missing the way? It is direct and not very far. This brier I ran in my foot yesterday is causing me trouble, and may render me unfit for walking if I neglect it."

"I should like to go," replied Dorothy. "Is it where we went one day together?"

"A little beyond. 'Tis the home of an old Indian woman who dwells with her son, Tepasekant. Canst remember the names?"

"Such odd ones as they are. Yes, I think

I can remember—Taquana. Everyone speaks of Taquana with her medicines and herbs. I have seen her come to the village to sell them. She does not belong to those wandering Indians who are in one place to-day and another to-morrow."

"No, she is quite civilized, and has accepted the Christian faith. Thou needst have no fear of her, daughter."

Dorothy smiled. She was afraid of the Indians, and did not hesitate to say so, and it was a relief to know that old Taquana was not a wild savage.

"I would go with thee," continued Mrs. James, "but for this troublesome foot of mine."

"I would take a much more dangerous journey for the sake of thy poor foot, mother. I will go at once. Give me the proper directions."

"Take thy way past the spring till thou hast come to a forked path; take that which leads to the right; the one to the left is that we followed the other day, and will lead thee wrong; be sure, then, to take the one to the right, which will lead thee to the Swede's, Jon Jonson's. A little beyond is the home of Taquana; one of the Swede's children will gladly show thee the way."

"And if I see any fine peaches, I will bring thee some."

"Thou wilt find some unusually good ones at the Indian's. Don't get lost, daughter."

"Nay, I will easily find my way, and be back by noon." And Dorothy set off in the pleasant September weather, quite pleased to take the jaunt. The country around, although sparsely settled, was sufficiently safe if one kept to the beaten paths, which were sure to lead to some sort of a clearing. Here would be found a little farm belonging to a Swede, or, perhaps, to some peaceful Indian who had learned civilized ways. These farms were surrounded with cornfields and peach orchards, vegetable gardens and vineyards, showing thriftiness and industry.

Dorothy traveled on, light of foot, seeing a hundred things by the wayside which attracted her attention. Strange plants, unfamiliar birds and trees, of which she had no knowledge. "At this rate," she said to herself, "I shall easily reach the Swede's in an hour. Yon Yonson, that is the name. It is so funny that their *j*'*s* are all *y*'*s*. I must write Jasper and tell him how brave I am to—" Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of

rustling among the dry leaves, which had already begun to scatter themselves.

Dorothy stood still. Then she laughed. "Only a squirrel or a frightened rabbit!" she exclaimed aloud. "How foolish of me, just as I was praising myself for bravery. Ah, pride must have a fall." Still she did not proceed, but stood still to gain courage, which, however, entirely forsook her, as a large black snake glided out of the weeds and lay a waving, sinuous line directly across her path.

Dorothy gave one terrified scream and took to her heels, running back along the path over which she had just traveled, never once looking back. But suddenly she stood still, transfixed with fright, for she saw at a little distance a strange, wolfish-looking creature trotting up the path. It was "out of the frying-pan into the fire." She threw a hurried glance over her shoulder, then ran in the direction toward which she had been going a few minutes before. There lay the snake, now nicely coiled in the path. To pass him was something the girl could not bring herself to do. Again she looked over her shoulder; the creature, which she fancied must be some wild beast, was nearly upon her, coming on, she thought, faster

and faster. In desperation the terrified girl sprang into the woods, and to her horror the animal also turned and followed her. She ran till she was exhausted, and then, as a last resort, breathlessly began to climb a tree, the lower limbs of which were easily reached. Settling herself in a wide notch and clinging to the branches, she at last gathered courage enough to peer cautiously down to see if the animal could reach her. He was sniffing around and making short leaps against the rugged trunk, but, at last, lay down, his red tongue lolling out. Dorothy crouched closer in the branches. "It cannot climb, anyway," she said; "but, oh dear, how long must I stay here?" After a while the creature got up and put his paws against the tree, wagging his tail in a most amiable manner, so that Dorothy's terror began to leave her, and she examined more closely, to discover that it was only a poor Indian dog, which, from sheer friendliness, had followed her. He uttered no sound, and Dorothy remembered her mother telling her that the Indian dogs did not bark. She was still a little afraid, but the poor creature looked so forlorn and really seemed in no way savage, so Dorothy concluded she would venture down.

She scrambled to the ground, and timidly patted the dog on the head. At this unwonted attention he licked her hand and looked up with gratitude. After these advances Dorothy felt rather glad of the companionship, and was a little ashamed of her former alarms. She began to walk slowly along through the woods in order to reach the path she had left, the dog following close at her heels. But although she kept on and on, she came to no path, and look where she would, there was nothing to be seen but tree after tree rising in endless monotony all around her.

"Oh, dog," she said aloud in perplexity, "I wish, since thou canst not bark, that thou couldst speak and tell me the way," but the dog only wagged his tail and looked up into her face as if to discover her meaning. "If I were blessed with such a nose as thine," continued Dorothy, "I would needs but put it to the ground and follow it home, or if I were blessed with the ear of an Indian, I could place that to the ground and so find my way, but I have only the nose and ears of an English girl, and eyes which take affright too quickly, else I might have marked my way by signs, such as the Indians take to guide them."

She wandered on further, only again to stand and gaze into the labyrinth of forest around her. Finally, it came to a point when she could no longer deceive herself. She was actually lost in the depths of the wilderness, and she sat down on a stone and cried. She was, in reality, not more than three miles from the village, and had wandered in a circle, but this she did not know, and felt that each step took her further from any habitation. She was very tired, and very miserable. The tears, which would not be stayed, trickled forlornly down her cheeks, the dog, meanwhile, looking at her uneasily, and as she continued to sit there, he finally put his tail between his legs and ran off, once or twice standing still and looking back, but Dorothy's head was resting on her hands, her eyes downcast, and when at last she looked up the dog had disappeared.

"I wish he had stayed," thought the poor little wanderer; "he was some company. Perhaps I ought to have followed him. Why didn't I? No doubt he belongs somewhere not far away. Maybe he will come back. I'd better sit right here, for all the walking I have done has brought me nowhere. But suppose he shouldn't come back. I might stay here and starve to

death." It was a very mournful thought, and the lost girl did not like to consider it, but tried to make the best of the situation.

However, the hours wore on, and no succor came, and as it grew more and more doubtful that anyone would find her, she began to walk again. A city-bred girl she had not thought of making notes of the points of the compass by means of the sun, and did not know whether north, south, east or west should be her way. She was, oh, so hungry, but there was nothing to eat ; it was too late for berries, too early for grapes or for nuts, both of which needed a touch of frost before they were eatable. Once or twice a beautiful deer sprang across her pathway, and at sight of her stood still in surprise for a moment, then bounded away into the thicket.

It was growing dark in the forest when the weary little maid heard a strange sort of a sound. She could not make out what it was. A sort of rhythmic wail, made by human voices, she at last decided it was, and she ran toward the place from which the sound proceeded, pausing every little while to listen.

As she drew nearer she discovered that many women's voices were united in a strange

chant, the long wails being interrupted by a sharp, short whoop from certain male voices, and Dorothy, at last, issuing from the woods, came upon a gathering of Indians who were evidently celebrating some sort of a festival, for they were painted up to the last degree. Men, women and children gathered in a great circle. Two men were shaking gourds filled with pebbles; with these they kept time to the chant, and two old warriors with strange, jerky movements were walking around the circle.

Dorothy was so filled with wonder at what she saw that she nearly forgot her terror, and stood almost as motionless as some of the painted Indians before her.

"Ah-oo! Oo-ah!" wailed the women.

"Ugh! Ugh!" came the short, interrupting shout of the men, while the rattling gourds kept up a monotonous clamor.

Suddenly there was a wild cry, as four warriors sprang into the circle, and all rushed back to give more room; so that Dorothy found herself borne along with the others, and discovered that she could not draw back if she would. Her presence, therefore, became known, and by signs she made herself sufficiently understood to convey the fact that she was hungry, that

she was lost, that she was tired, and a slender Indian girl was deputized to take her to a lodge and attend to her wants. Then she was led back to witness the ceremonies connected with, nothing less than one of the great corn festivals.

Dorothy still felt a little timid, despite the kindness shown her, and she kept close to her guide, but looked with all her eyes.

Such queer performances the English girl had never seen. Such hideous-looking old warriors, so ferociously growling, dancing, whooping ; such horrible old hags ; such strange fantastic behavior, and such puzzling rites. If the truth were known, the uninvited visitor should have felt flattered at being a guest on such an important occasion. Yet she could not disguise her fear, which amused the little, black-eyed maid by her side, who made all sorts of grimaces at her, in her glee at the idea of fear on such a joyous occasion.

At last there came an end to it all, and Dorothy was conducted to a wigwam, where she rested for the night. It was not remarkable for cleanliness or comfort, but it was a safe shelter, she believed, and vastly better than the wild woods. She was very thankful for it, and

was also thankful for the breakfast eaten from dishes of bark and cedar wood. The best was set before the guest, who, in a circle of squaws and children squatted on the ground, and ate with the others from the same dish.

By repeating the words "Taquana, Jon Jonson" she conveyed the information that she would be directed to one of these.

With a wise nod, the Indian girl, with whom by this time she was on quite friendly terms, volunteered to show her the way, and they started off in exactly the opposite direction from that which Dorothy fancied to be the right one, and finally the little, lean, brown guide came to a halt and pointed ahead. Then, without a word, she took to her heels, and, with a laughing glance over her shoulder, left Dorothy standing. It was with a long-drawn sigh of relief that she left the woods and came out into an open piece of ground. Before her was a comfortable house of logs built on a foundation of stone, a harvested field of corn, a flourishing garden and orchard. There were at least eight or ten little yellow-headed children running around the farm house, and at Dorothy's knock a girl of about her own age, blue-eyed, fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, met her. She could

speak only a little English, but she understood Dorothy's errand.

"Yosef, he go by you," she told her, and called to a tall, swarth boy, at work in the garden.

"Yosef can talk more good Englis as me," continued the rosy-cheeked lass, and the three stood smiling at each other.

"I am so glad you can speak English," said Dorothy. "I feel as if I have been among the Indians for a life time;" and she told her experience and why she had strayed so far out of her way.

"I tink me haf de oin'men'," said the girl. "Yosef Gran'mudder is Taquana. You no haf——" She stopped and looked at Joseph.

"Tina say you haf no need go to Taquana. She can gif you de oin'men'; and we haf also good peach, if you lige. You vait few minute."

Dorothy stood smiling at the group of children who gathered shyly around her. And presently a pleasant-faced woman, with hair like Tina's, came out. She nodded and beamed, and invited Dorothy inside by unmistakable gestures of kindness and cordiality. Dorothy, however, was too anxious to get back to her mother, and only waited till Joseph should

appear. He came laden down with all sorts of gifts. "I am go you t'rough de voodths," he said. "You are losing de self if I am not."

After much smiling and nodding Dorothy departed, feeling very safe with this new guide.

"Thou art very good to come with me," she said to the boy. "Art thou Mr. Jonson's son?"

"No, I am de son of his frendt. My fader is vite mans. My mudder is Inyan vomans; but my fader is deadt, an' I am since lif by Yon Yonson."

"And then the pretty girl with the yellow hair is not thy sister?"

"No; she is Christine."

"Wilt thou bring her to see me some time?"

"You lif by Ooplandt?"

"Yes; near the river. We are going to have a house after a while. I came only a little while ago."

"I see te pig sheep you kom py, may be."

Dorothy knitted her brows. Just what kind of an animal a "pig sheep" was, she did not know. She had seen so many strange things in this queer country. She looked up inquiringly.

"De sheep is kom oop de reewer dree veek aco."

Joseph drew forth a small bark canoe from among the weeds, and, helping Dorothy into it, paddled across—Page 117

"Oh, yes; I did come in that. Were you there when she landed?"

The boy nodded. Then he told her "Penjamin Daylor is kom by us las' nightd. He is say you are los'."

"Oh, were they looking for me?" Then my mother must be in great alarm? Come, let us walk fast. Have we far to go?"

"No; she is yust dere. We are kom de near vay. I am dake you agross little sdream." And Dorothy, looking, saw before her a small creek. But this did not deter Joseph, who, striding down to the brink, drew forth a small bark canoe from among the weeds, and, helping Dorothy into it, paddled her over to the opposite shore. To her surprise she found they were very near the spring to which she daily went for water. "Oh, this is a shorter way," she cried. "I know where I am now. I shall like very much if thou wilt take me to my mother; but I do not want to trespass on thy kindness."

"Dat make noding. I lige go by you." And he strode along by her side.

It was evident from the greetings they received, as they went along, that Dorothy's absence had been very generally known in

the community, and had caused considerable anxiety.

"Here kom Meest Penjamin Daylor," announced Joseph, as a middle-aged man approached.

"Thou art returned, thou poor lost one," he exclaimed. "Thy mother will be right rejoiced to see thee. We traced thee to the Indian camp, and knew that thou wert safe, this morning. How didst thou come to lose thy way?"

Dorothy told her tale as the man walked along with them.

"I will see thee safe to thy mother," he said.

"Oh, there is no need," returned the girl, quickly. "Joseph is with me, and I know the way well."

The man gave her a little sidelong glance. "I think thou mayst venture to allow me to go," he rejoined; and Dorothy made no further objection.

She rushed on ahead, however, when she came in sight of the little hut. "Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "Here I am! here I am! Where art thou?" And, entering the low door, she threw herself in her mother's arms.

"Oh, mother, mother, art thou to be forever losing me? I have had such adventures. I saw a snake, and ran from that; and I thought I was pursued by a wolf, but it turned out to be a dog; and at last, when it was dark, I came upon some Indians, who cared for me till morning, when they set me on my way as far as Jon Jonson's, and now Joseph and Benjamin Taylor are without. Am I not a lag-foot, and art thou not glad to see me, mother dear?"

"Oh, my dear, how glad! I feared some ill had befallen thee. Friends were out all night seeking thee, and came upon the Indian camp just after thy departure from it. There they learned of thy welfare. I felt it to be the occasion of a sign to me, but now I see the hand of the Lord in it."

"Oh, mother, I have seen so many strange and curious things. I shall be disposed to write them all to Jasper. And, oh, I did get some of the ointment at the Jonsons, for I feared to see the old Indian, Taquana, without first letting thee know I was safe. The Swedes were so good, and the Indians, too. I shall never fear them again. Joseph has brought a load of stores for us—bread and smoked shad, and peaches, and I know not what else, so we

shall have a feast this day. I like those Jonsons; they are so kind and so cheerful. And there is a nice girl there. Her name is Christine, and she is so pretty and rosy. I wish thou couldst see her."

But the appearance of Benjamin Taylor and Joseph put an end to Dorothy's talk, and this was the beginning of a friendship with the Jonsons, from which eventually came strange developments.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GOVERNOR'S ARRIVAL

"Didst thou see for thyself, Joseph?" Dorothy asked, eagerly. She was standing on the margin of the creek looking off at the water.

"Inyan tell me," replied Joseph. "We all kom town py de vater for see him. Efrypody is egcited apout it."

"'Tis really so, mother. Mother the *Welcome* has arrived at New Castle, Joseph says. Everyone is making preparations to receive the Governor, who is coming up here. Oh, mother, there are many more come out from Old England. I wonder if friends will be among them. Shalt thou not be glad to see them? Joseph thinks that we may look for Mr. Penn and his companions to-day."

Hester James looked up from her work with a smile. "'Tis a good word to hear, my

daughter. I doubt not the times will improve apace, for William Penn hath larger plans for his Holy Experiment. I think we may see Richard Townsend and John Longhurst, and, doubtless, others."

"Oh!" Dorothy clapped her hands softly together. "We shall be quite a townful. I wonder where William Penn will lodge?"

"At the Essex House, doubtless. Robert Wade, as thou knowest, entertains the greater number of strangers who visit us, and has sheltered many a Friend, who else would have found a chilly welcome on these shores, with no roof to sit under."

"T'ere will pe a larche gaderin'," said Joseph. "Efrypody koms town see t'e new beeple."

"Of course they will. Is Christine coming?"

Joseph nodded gravely. "I dink dey kom now."

And sure enough the shores of Chester Creek began to show many curious and expectant faces. There were the broad-faced Swedes, in their coon-skin caps with little flaps. John Stille, Peter Rambo and Andras Bengsten among them. There were the grave Quakers, with more cheerful countenances than they

were wont to wear. There, too, were companies of Indians in full feather, as curious as any to see what all this might mean. A day in late October it was, and the autumn foliage was showing its richest tints along the shores of the stream, up which the boat now slowly made its way. Nearer, nearer, it came, while the little company at the landing waited on tip-toe with expectation.

It was a handsome, graceful man, but thirty-eight years of age, whom Dorothy saw step ashore as her mother whispered, "'Tis William Penn himself." The girl had pictured an older and more sedate individual than this courtly person, who, dressed not more plainly than her Uncle Humphrey, now advanced, and amid welcomes on every side was piloted to Robert Wade's house, his friends surrounding him.

Dorothy, Christine and Joseph stood looking after him. Benjamin Taylor at the side of Hester James remarked, "He is a well-favored man, but less grave and sedate than seems suitable for one attempting a 'Holy Experiment.'"

"I had thought him older," remarked Dorothy to Joseph.

"And I," returned he.

"But," added Dorothy, thoughtfully, "I think him a fair sort of a Governor, and one which suits me better than had he a lean and sour visage like some I could mention. He does not fear to smile, yet has he dignity withal. Yes, I am glad that such is our Proprietary."

It seemed from this day that what had been before but an uncertain lodging in the wilderness, a sort of picnicing on the shores of Upland Creek, now at once became an actual and tangible settlement for the Quakers.

It was a few days later that Dorothy heard Benjamin Taylor say: "William Penn hath decided to name this place Chester. 'Twas so suggested by his friend, Robert Pearson."

"I thought it was Upland. How can he change it?" asked Dorothy.

"'Tis his," replied Benjamin, "by right of purchase; and, methinks, Chester a right fair name. How likest thou that of Philadelphia—for that the new city will be called?"

"City!" Dorothy opened her eyes—"in a wilderness?"

"'Twill not be long so. The Proprietary hath gone up the river to establish the city; at least, to make his presence known, for the laying out of lots was begun by Thomas Holme

some time since. How likest thou the notion of dwelling in more comfort, Dorothy?"

"I should like it," returned she. "The cave seems to me ill for winter weather."

"An' so 'tis. Thou shalt not bide there long. Thou knowest that before the Proprietary came, already William Markham, his cousin, had, with the commissioners, devised properties and laid plans for the making of a city, and more than one house will go up within short space. 'Tis William Penn's intention to make us a green country town, sweet and wholesome. Thou wilt be pleased to dwell there, Dorothy," and he gave a little smiling glance at Mrs. James.

"And do we go there soon?"

"I think ere many weeks. Shouldst like to go by boat with thy mother and me to see this new town? Thou hast been to Shackamaxon meeting, and 'tis but half a mile further that the Proprietary intends his town."

"I should like much to go," returned Dorothy, her eyes sparkling.

"The *Welcome* has landed her passengers, some one hundred, and more are to follow, so that I anticipate a goodly company will soon be established. I learn that Thomas Holme has

already laid out many fair streets uniform from the water's edge to the country bounds, and that gardens and orchards will surround the houses."

In fancy Dorothy saw an already flourishing village. But what was her surprise when she beheld the rugged, bold bank of the river more unsettled than at Chester. Nevertheless, there were more persons than she realized already arrived at the site. Log houses and caves stretched along the water's front, and frame-works of houses had been put ashore at Dock Creek, ready to be transported to the lots apportioned to their owners.

She heard many pieces of news concerning the newly-arrived emigrants; of how Richard Townsend had a new baby son born on board the *Welcome*; of how Dennis Rochford had lost his two daughters, and how many others had been smitten by small-pox during the voyage. She saw Giles Knight, his wife and son, whom she had often met at home in Gloucestershire, so that it truly did appear as if, after all, there was quite a fair sprinkling of persons to begin the town. Dorothy noticed that only the poorer people dressed so very plainly, and that many had servants and were well supplied with

clothing and provisions, and possessed luxuries, although they were living in the log huts and hastily constructed caves which they had prepared before starting to build upon their purchased plots of ground.

There was one house just begun, to which Benjamin Taylor directed the attention of Dorothy and her mother. The building was pleasantly situated, and promised to be comfortable. It was of brick and about thirty feet long, with a partition through the middle. The large fireplace had a stone hearth and the doors of riven stuff had deerskin hinges and wooden latches and bars.

"And is it to be ours?" asked Dorothy. "Shall we live here, mother?"

"We shall live here," she answered.

"It is not near so fine as Humphrey's Hall," said Dorothy; "but 'tis much better than the cave."

"'Tis much better than a foul gaol," said Dorothy's mother that night, as her daughter drew comparisons between the new home and the old.

"And when shall we go there to live?"

For answer Hester stooped down and kissed the girl on the forehead.

"Mother," said Dorothy, "hast thou had no word at all from home? I had hoped for it by the *Welcome*."

"No word, my child."

Dorothy looked sober. "I should like well to know how fares my uncle and Cousin Frances and Margery. Shouldst thou not like to hear, mother?"

"Aye, I should; but thy uncle is, without doubt, in a great rage against us all."

"But Cousin Frances might send a line. Jasper warned me that he was a sorry letter writer, but that when he found courage to ply his pen, I should hear from him. I am wondering, too, when John Winterthorn will return."

"I think ere long. But, Dorothy, dear heart, wast thou not pleased with the new city? It pleases me well, and I hear that William Penn hath a purpose of building a fine mansion, and that his family will reside here with him."

"Oh, mother, then 'twill become quite like Bristol."

"Mayhap, in time."

Dorothy sat thoughtfully considering the subject, then she said: "Mother, William Penn seems very unlike other Friends, doth not he?"

"He has spent much time at courts. Withal he is a good and tender man. Benjamin Taylor tells me that the Indians are well pleased with his lowliness, and that he has met them in a fair spirit, which promises well for peace, and that he hopes to enter into a compact with them which shall be a solemn and binding one. Yet one other told me that our Proprietary hath an excess of levity for a grave minister. Dorothy," the mother suddenly broke off, then she spoke hurriedly, "I have an exercise to warn thee of being prepared for something that may disturb thee. I would tell thee, but I think since to-morrow is First Day thou hadst best learn it then when thou canst be under the control of the spirit more readily, and, perchance, find peace in words thou mayst hear from those older and wiser."

"Oh, mother, tell me now."

But she shook her head. "'Tis best not so."

She sat quite still for some time with a very thoughtful look on her face, and then she spoke again. "I am moved to tell thee now, Dorothy. Perchance 'tis better that thou and I should meet this together. I have seen for a considerable time that I should take Benja-

min Taylor to be my husband. He said to me some weeks ago that it opened in him from the Lord that the thing should be accomplished, and our intentions in marriage have been laid before Friends privately, and will be so publicly in meeting to-morrow. Benjamin has been three years widowed, he has no children, he is a man of fair character, and of excellent parts."

"Oh, mother!" Dorothy's eyes were big with astonishment; then she began to cry softly, her head in her mother's lap. After a time she looked up, saying wistfully, "and that is not our house at all. It is his, and I was so happy to think we were to have our own dear little home; oh, mother!"

"Does it grieve thee, then, my dear one?"

"Oh, mother, how else could it? I feel as if thou wert suddenly taken from me."

"Oh, my beloved child, I feel it is for me to receive the urging of the voice. Thou and I alone, in a strange land, shall we not fare better if a man, good and true, be the householder to give us protection? Moreover, he is one of our society, and I believe will uphold us by the power of his own belief."

Dorothy's face was hidden in her mother's

lap. The thought of what was to take place made her feel very desolate. She believed Benjamin Taylor to be a good man. He had been a friend in need from the very first. How many a gift of fresh fish, of wild pigeons, of venison had he brought them. How often his boat had been at their service, and his hands been the ones to gather their fuel. Yes, they would be better off, but the girl felt, all at once, as if her mother were from henceforth less wholly hers. She experienced some of the loneliness which her uncle must feel, and her thoughts went out yearningly to him. She had left him—the kind old man—left him all alone, and now she was punished for it, she believed. After she had crept under her covers that night she wept softly, with a homesick longing for Humphrey's Hall, for her uncle, for old Margery. "I want to go home, I want to go home," she whispered, and, strange to say, the next day came an opportunity, if she had wished to take it, for when they returned from meeting there was John Winterthorn.

Dorothy had gone through the ordeal of hearing the intentions of marriage between Hester James and Benjamin Taylor read out, had been obliged to listen to her future step-

father's confidences to her mother; had tried to seem pleased, but could only be truthful, in replying to his questioning, if she were satisfied, by saying, "I will try to be, but I am ill at ease as yet."

"It will be upon thee to feel satisfied, when thou art accustomed to it," said Benjamin Taylor, complacently.

But Dorothy was very sore of heart when she reached home, and John Winterthorn, with his one-sided weather-beaten face, was a more delightful sight than any that could have met her just then; and half laughing, half crying, she threw herself into his arms, saying, "Oh, John! oh, John! how good to see thee again. Hast thou had a sad, wearisome journey?"

"Well, mistress, it has not been the loveliest in the world. Through the forest have I come all the way from Maryland."

"Oh, tell me about it. Is it a long way? and how didst thou come?"

"The manner of it was in this wise. We took horse at the head of the Tred-haven creek, and on to the head of Miles River. We passed that and rode on to Wye River, then to Chester River. We crossed Sassafras River next in canoes, and our horses swam alongside.

After that we crossed Bohemia River in like manner, and finally arrived at the village of New Castle; from thence 'twas easy here."

"So much riding, and so many rivers. And where didst thou rest at night?"

"Sometimes we lay in the woods, and again in the Indian wigwams."

"And the Indians were kind? Like ours here?"

"Yes, hospitable they were. Such as they had they shared with us, and even lay mats for us to sleep upon. But 'tis a vast, wild country, mistress. We traveled for days at a time without sight of man or woman. Sure, 'tis a spacious country this. But methinks none are better off in it than those of the Maryland colony, for game, oysters and much highly delectable food is at their very doors. I never knew such plenty of tasty victuals."

"'Tis so here. Thou shouldst see the flocks of wild pigeons, and the fish, such wonderful draughts from the streams. We have not starved."

"Yes; but I like the Maryland colony somewhat better, perchance because 'tis older and more settled where I have been."

"And didst thou prosper in thy quest?"

John shook his head. "I have but satisfied myself. Yet that is much."

"And wilt thou now tell us why thou hadst to go?"

"I will. You and your mother. How fares she, mistress?"

"My mother? She is in right good health. And oh, John"—Dorothy's head went down on the man's rough sleeve—"she is about to take to herself another husband, and I am so miserable."

John laid his hand on the girl's soft hair. She had so many times, as a little lass, come to him with her childish griefs, and he had been able to comfort her by making some new toy, or carrying her off to the farm to be petted and coddled; but for this grief he had no remedy, although he said, re-assuringly, "That may be well for her, Mistress Dorothy, if he be a fair good man she is to wed."

"He is, I believe he is, albeit a little stern and unyielding, methinks. He is one of the Taylor's from Flintshire, and speaks me very fair. Thou knowest Friends are most particular in providing for children of former husbands or wives, and I am not afraid of being uncared for. 'Tis only that I feel as if my mother were

more than half lost to me. She is gentle and loving as of yore ; but she has a longing after Benjamin Taylor, and I am no longer first with her, and she is beginning but lately to take on his opinions, which are not such as make me happy ; so, John, I have been so homesick, so homesick."

"Better go back with me," said John, his face brightening. "Your mother will be established now, and will surely need you less than your uncle."

"Ah, I know not, I know not ; I am sore distraught. I have realized this last day or two how my uncle must have felt, and my heart yearns for him exceedingly."

"So, then, mistress, I think your return would settle you all. I must see this Master Taylor ; if he be all you say I shall be surely glad to take back news of your mother's settlement. I hope he may be a man of right behavior."

"I think he is, even if he be not of a lively disposition. He is building a good house in the new town of Philadelphia. I think, however, he will not wait till spring to take my mother from this cave, for he has a good log house near Richard Townsend's new mill."

"That is better still. I should feel sorely to leave either of you in so damp and gloomy a habitation."

"Ah, but John, 'tis not so dreadful. Thou shouldst see some of these same caves, the family plate their owners display, and things comforting, and even fine, fetched from home."

"Nevertheless, I would fain see you back in Humphrey's Hall. 'Tis rarely pleasant there now."

Dorothy sighed. It must be rarely pleasant, she thought, the sun shining on the old garden, the flowers abloom in their autumn glory, all things well and luxuriously ordered. It would be very good to be back there.

"But where bides your mother?" asked John.

"She comes now with Benjamin Taylor. He, you see, yonder in the leathern breeches and woolen waistcoat. He does not dress so bravely as my uncle, for he is of the opinion that plain attire best becomes a Friend. Thou shouldst have been at the meeting, John, 'twas so large, bigger than any we have had here. Ah, they still linger, we will go and meet them."

CHAPTER IX

JOHN'S QUEST

A pretty flush was on the cheek of the fair Quakeress, as she came forward to greet John, and she told of her approaching marriage with an almost girlish eagerness, while the grave face of Benjamin Taylor beamed with a quiet satisfaction, as he looked at the little woman by his side.

"Thou wilt stay till we are married, wilt thou not, John?" asked Hester.

"And when will that be?"

"In two weeks."

"I had thought to take the first returning vessel."

"Oh, thou must see the new city," broke in Benjamin Taylor's deep voice, "and the many Friends; why they are coming by hundreds. 'Tis wonderful how the ships come in

laden, 'twill not be long before we are a big colony. And, ah, 'tis better to breathe the free air in a new country, than to be premunired and cast into a vile gaol for but thinking and acting as the spirit directs."

John sighed, he longed for the green lanes of Old England, for his accustomed place about Humphrey's Hall.

"Thou wilt stay and share our usual meal with us, wilt thou not, Benjamin?" said Hester, as the sturdy Quaker turned to go.

"No, I think I will not, Hester. Thou wilt have thine own concerns to talk over with thy good friend. I will return anon," and his stalwart figure disappeared, followed fondly by Hester's gaze.

It was when the hominy and venison, the smoked shad and johnny-cake, the cranberry sauce and cider had been consumed, that John told his reasons for leaving home.

"You remember, or maybe you don't remember, Master Hilary?" he said to Hester.

"I do not remember him, John. Thou knowest he had long before left home when I arrived at Humphrey's Hall."

"So he had—so he had. He left before your day. Why, you were scarce born then,

for Master Marmaduke was but a baby. Well, he joined Lord Baltimore's colony. A lad for adventure he was; full of courage, but a little wild—a little wild. He would be, let me see—yes, nigh on to sixty. He was but little more than a year younger than Master Humphrey. By my faith, time flies fast! I remember what a hearty way he had, and that was why he was his father's pride, always so ready to laugh and be merry. As I was saying, he went away, and after he had gone—six months, maybe—came a man from the village, asking had we heard from him; 'for,' says he, 'Master Hilary married my daughter Joan, and she went to the provinces with him, joined him on shipboard.' You could ha' knocked me down with a feather. Not a word of it had he whispered at the Hall. 'An',' says the man, 'I've a letter from her sayin' she has a little son. That was bad business, for, after Master Hilary came the son, and Master Marmaduke left out of his rights. I went to the little church where they were married, over in Wiltshire it was, and there was the record straight enough; but I told nothing, for Joe Richards died soon after, lost on his way to the provinces to join his daughter; and, as time went on, there came

the news of Master Hilary's death from one who knew him at home, and who was his neighbor in Maryland, but not a word was there of wife or child. So I chuckled to myself, for I knew none had the secret but me, now that Richards was dead, and I was never going to stand in the way of Master Marmaduke. 'Tis like as not they're all dead, thinks I; and if not, we should have heard. Off in that God-forsaken Indian-rid country, they're like to be dead long ago; and I settled my conscience. But the conscience woke that day when Rachel Townsend did so berate me. I thought, perhaps, she knew, and I was in quaking fear lest she did, and I said to myself, I will ferret out the matter, and that is why I came over."

"And what didst thou learn?" asked Dorothy, with curiosity.

"That 'twas all true. Master Hilary's wife died before him. He and his boy were killed by the Indians. I went down to the Maryland colony and searched out those who knew, and 'tis true, not a doubt has been felt since he was killed with the lad."

"Then the boy lived till then? Are they sure he, too, was killed?" asked Hester James.

"Without doubt, so said the man who sent

the message home thirty-four years ago. He is one William Osborne, whom I found still living on his place by the Bush River. A sad hunt I had for him, and I even proved his words by traveling to the Isle of Kent to find another who knew of the matter. And now my conscience is clear, and Master Jasper Preston is the heir. Humphrey's Hall goes to him as next of kin in the male line. 'Tis strange how changes do come with the years. Here the old place belonged first to the Humphreys, and came to the Squire's father through his mother, who was a Humphrey."

"Yes, I know, for the James' are from Stafford," spoke up Dorothy.

"They are, but further back from Wales, and your great-grandfather was cousin to his wife and came by it properly, just as it goes to Master Jasper as next male kin. His grandfather and yours were brothers, and it came that way.

It seemed strange to listen to all this in a land, and among people, where rank and distinction of family counted as nothing; but for some reason the conversation brought back to Dorothy a vivid picture of her old home, and she sighed deeply as John concluded by saying:

"And now I go back free and honest, and I'll tell the Squire the whole story, and maybe he'll give a welcome to the old man after all, for the Squire and me has had our own sorrows together, and 'tis my only secret from him. He may be glad to see me, especially——." He broke off as he gave a glance at Dorothy, who returned it with one of warning, accompanied by a little shake of her head.

She pondered seriously over the problem of a return to her uncle, telling herself that probably she would not be detained here if she expressed a real desire to go, for she was conscious that day by day her mother was drawn further away from those things which once interested her, and which still interested her daughter. Beyond this she had visions of her uncle, lonely and loveless, waiting, watching; outwardly harsh and querulous, inwardly kind and generous, and at the girl's solicitation John Winterthorn promised to stay till after the marriage, that she might be given more time to make up her mind.

"Say no word of it to my mother as yet," begged Dorothy, "for 'tis useless to disturb her if it should come to naught."

Dorothy had a vivid imagination and deep

affections. Her love for her mother had always been the controlling force of her life, and this new candidate for her mother's attentions and interests she could not regard with favor, struggle as she would.

"Alas! I am desperately given over to warrings with myself," she mourned. "I am grievously wicked to loose myself from peace and content in this matter. I am bidden to love all; to make an idol of nothing; to set my affections on things above, and none of these things do I. My heart is very bad, and I am pernicious in my desires for material benefit."

So she carried a very solemn face and gave much time to that old-time employment, self-searching, which, in this case, as in many others, was not an advisable thing to do.

But Dorothy's mother was not so indifferent as the girl imagined; for once she said, "Oh, mother, I think, perhaps, after all, my uncle needs me more than thou. Wouldst thou care much if I did return?"

"To the world's people? Wouldst thou do it, Dorothy?"

"Not if thou didst love me as thou used."

"And do I not?"

"Nay; I think not as much."

"Why, my child?"

"Because thou hast more confidences with Benjamin Taylor than with me, and—"

"'Tis my duty to him."

"But I need thee. I want thee. I don't want him, too."

"Be not so ungenerous, my child. Surely I love thee as ever, but 'tis not thy carnal nature which I should be fostering. I should keep thy spiritual good before me. Thou hast too long been humored and given thine own way. Thou knowest it is borne in upon me very strongly that this union should be accomplished, not to outwardly advantage, but to movings of heavenly powers. It grieves me to hear thee wish for thy former vanities." There was a little stiffness in the speech that hurt the child, and she brooded over it. She longed for the old out-spoken affection. She wanted to be called poppet, and pink, and sweeting, as she used to be. She wanted to feel her uncle's hand tousle her curls, and to be caught in a rough-and-tumble caress. But the curls were put smoothly back into plaits, and the caresses which once met her on every side, now were seldom given, for they "savored of the carnal," and therefore the little girl spent

many a dreary hour, although, as her acquaintance with the pretty Christine grew warmer, she often forgot her sorrows in a visit to the Swede's house.

"Joseph will take thee to Coquannock," Dorothy told John one morning, "and mother says I may go, too. Joseph is a right fair woodsman. Such a one for spearing sturgeon and catching fish; for hunting, and for driving a canoe swiftly through the water. He has Indian blood in him, and is an odd mixture, for he speaks quite glibly our own tongue yet with the accent of the Swedes, while he looks, and often acts, much like the Indians. And, John, thou must see pretty, rosy Christine, with her long yellow hair. Thou wilt like the Swedes. The Jonsons are my good friends, and Christine can now speak quite clearly to me. We have very good times together. She wants much to see the new city, and we will all go to-morrow if thou wilt go, too."

"Right gladly will I go. I shall well like to have a glimpse of what William Penn intends. 'Twill be fair news to take back home."

"Is it not strange, John, that not a word have we heard since we left Bristol?"

"Well, no, mistress. I think we can't

expect the Squire to feel happy over it, besides he's not a ready one with his pen."

"But my Cousin Frances?"

"True, she might have sent you news, I admit."

"Well, news or no news, to Philadelphia we go to-morrow. I will tell Joseph who waits to know."

The next morning a canoe was in readiness by the shore of Chester Creek. Christine and Joseph stood waiting. The swarth face of the lad was in strong contrast to that of the fair, rosy girl whose abundant yellow hair hanging down her back in thick plaits, was her only head covering. She dimpled and smiled as Dorothy approached. "Ah, Tina," cried Dorothy, "I am glad to see thee. I feared something might happen to detain thee. This is our old friend, John Winterthorn, from Old England. Many a time has he rowed me on the waters of our dear Avon." John made a low bow, which Tina acknowledged by a greeting in her pretty broken English. Joseph, too, offered a welcome, and before long his deft strokes sent the canoe shooting through the water, and, although it was a considerable journey they were not very long in reaching a spot

about four miles above the mouth of the Schuylkill. Here rose a high, bold shore, called by the Indians Coquannock. It was covered with lofty pines and was the site chosen for the new city. A stream called Dock Creek offered a convenient landing place, for a low, sandy shore shelved down gently. Upon this the canoe was drawn, and the travelers started out to explore the infant city.

There was a long broad walk intended as a promenade along the river front, which now is filled with busy wharves and landings. The bold bluff has disappeared, but the steep grade to the Delaware suggests what has been.

A few streets were laid out. Pool Street, and Holme Street, and Union Street; now they are known by different names, for, William Penn, like the rest of his society, did not believe in honoring men, even in naming streets after them, and to avoid this man-worship, trees were chosen as namesakes for the new streets.

A number of houses were going up, each with its garden and orchard, promising pleasant restful homes for the much-enduring Quakers.

"I dink I can find de house is puilding py Penjamin Daylor," said Joseph.

"Oh, yes, we want to see that particularly," returned Dorothy; "I am sure 'twill be very comfortable. Dost thou not think so, John?" she said, when they came upon it.

John examined it critically. "Comfortable enough, no doubt, but not what is your right, mistress, by comparison to Humphrey's Hall; yet I doubt not 'twill be a fine city some day. I am amazed at the plentifulness of everything—a deer for two shillings, and a turkey for one. I doubt you will starve, and I am pleased to see that Richard Townsend has set up a mill at Chester Creek."

"He brought the parts ready framed from London, and 'tis already of good use for the grinding of corn and the sawing of boards," said Dorothy. "But we must wander no further else we may get lost. We should come upon the Schuylkill beyond these woods, were we to walk far enough. Do not smile at my fears, Joseph. I was lost once."

"Josef nefer get los'," said Christine, smiling. "He know de vay all time. He like Inyan."

"So he is. I forgot that; anyhow we must

turn back, for I do not want to get into the swamp."

"Dere kom many wild keese to dat pond," said Joseph, pointing out a sheet of water lying where now are streets and houses, in what is a crowded way down town. The boy suddenly leaned down. "Dere has been teer and durkey here dis morning," he said, pointing out tracks in their pathway.

"Deer and turkey! I do think turkey the most delicious food. Do you not think so, John? And does not Joseph see everything quickly? I should not have known to look for such things. Ah! here we are coming back again to where we started. That is the Blue Anchor Tavern, John. It is kept by one named Guest, and 'tis there, Benjamin Taylor tells me, that William Penn and his friends landed the other day. This Dock Creek makes a fine landing. They say it is to be the city dock for vessels. Christine, thou hast seen our Governor? Is he not a fine man?"

"I like him," returned Christine. "He spik by me one day."

"Oh, did he? I wish he would speak to me."

The little canoe was soon bearing them

down the river toward Chester, at which place a few days later Dorothy had her wish fulfilled concerning the Governor.

She was on her way to the Jonson's when she came face to face with the Proprietary himself, who stopped and spoke to her.

"And what little English lass is this?" he asked.

"I am Dorothy James," she replied.

"The James family of Stafford?"

"Yes, sir, though, for some generations dwelling at Bristol."

"Ah, yes; I remember. I have a little maid at home, of whom I am reminded by a sight of thee. My girl is named Laetitia. Some day she, too, perchance, may come to Pennsylvania, and thou mayst see her. Dost thou live at Chester?"

"I do, sir, now, but I shall, I think, soon live in the new city of Philadelphia."

"That is well. I think, Pearson," turning to his friend, "that we need have no shame when looking upon such settlers as these." And he smiled down on the little girl, who pursued her way feeling very proud of the notice taken of her. She had really been quite jealous of Tina for having spoken with the Pro-

prietary, while she, his own countrywoman, had not, and she appeared with a glowing face in the farm-yard of the Jonson's.

Mrs. Jonson, in her knit hood and petticoat, a flock of little children about her, was brisk and busy, yet in so quiet and steady a way as not to seem closely occupied, although she accomplished wonders, as her store house showed.

It was too cool to stay outside, and the girls went into the room dimly lighted by the small windows with their covers of isinglass. In one corner the big fire-place showed a blazing fire, and before it, on the skins thrown down, the children gathered.

Dorothy liked much to be with this contented, happy family. She always felt better for the going, and generally was in time for "four-o'clock piece." She often smiled as she thought how astonished Lady Beatrice Lowe would be, could she see her drinking broth from a tin cup, or eating buckwheat cakes or mush and milk in the midst of a group of little, round, ruddy-faced children. She was learning many things from these good-natured Swedes; things which would be useful to her later on: brewing and baking, and spinning and

knitting; accomplishments which had never come her way. She and Tina on this November afternoon each sat with her knitting.

"What shouldst thou say, Tina, if I told thee I had come to say good-bye?" said Dorothy. "I am thinking of setting sail with John Winterthorn."

"An' leefe de mudder?" exclaimed Tina, opening her blue eyes wide.

"But she is going to leave me."

"Tina looked puzzled. "She go some veres. You not dell me."

"No, but it is the same thing."

Tina shook her head. "No, altogedder."

Dorothy sighed. She felt in by no means a sweet and peaceful frame of mind, such as became a little Quakeress. She was conscious that it was a very good thing for her mother to marry Benjamin Taylor, and yielded the approval of her conscience thus far, but she could not make up her mind to be satisfied with taking a second place.

"How shouldst thou like another father?" she asked Tina.

Her companion took some time to consider this. She was not quick at answering. She thought of her father in his leathern breeches

and jerkin, and wondered how it would seem to have him ousted by some other.

"I am not lige it," she finally concluded.

"And neither do I," returned Dorothy, triumphantly.

But suddenly to Tina came an unwonted brilliancy of suggestion. "Josef haf not he own fadder, an' he lige mine fery goot."

Dorothy looked very thoughtfully into the fire. She finally decided to ask Joseph how it seemed to have some other father than his own. She knew every one called him Joseph Jonson, and that he cheerfully accepted the place as son in the household.

"You are petter staying," said Tina, cheerfully, giving Dorothy's hand a little pat.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Joseph. He had just come from the village. "Your mudder say you haf letter py sheep kom in," he told Dorothy.

"Oh, a ship! and letters! then I must run home," said Dorothy, gathering herself up from the floor. "Letters! think of it. Ah, Tina, thou dost not know what that means. I will come over and tell thee all about it. Art thou going back with me, Joseph? How good of thee," and she started forth, forgetting altogether to

ask the lad how he enjoyed serving one who was not his father; for in Dorothy's eyes the boy was an independent person, owing allegiance to no one. He had one day told her so, proudly. "My fadder a chief. I am nopody's servant; I am my fadder's son."

CHAPTER X

NEWS FROM HOME

"What is the news, mother? Who has written?" cried Dorothy, as she entered her mother's presence.

"Strange news, indeed, Dorothy, 'twill be to thee, as to me. Yet why, I had not thought of it before, I do not know. I can look back now, and see that I might have thought how 'twould come out."

"What? what? hasten and tell me, mother."

"Patience, patience, my child; not so hasty. There is a letter for thee from thy Cousin Frances, and mine comes from the same source."

Dorothy tore open the packet. "Ah," she exclaimed, "do thou read it to me, mother. I cannot unravel this writing of my cousin's, and to spell it out, as I needs must do, means

overlong to tarry for the news." Therefore, her mother took the letter and began to read.

"So many things have taken place, my little Dorothy, since you ran away from home that I scarce know where to begin to tell you of them. Your uncle—I suppose you would prefer I should say *thy* uncle—was, as might have been expected, more grieved than wroth, and save when your father died, I have rarely seen him more deeply stricken by sorrow. Naughty child that you were to distress so good a man."

"Oh, but—," Dorothy began, "Cousin Frances did not talk that way before I left."

Her mother smiled and went on. "So 'twas my part, my little Quakeress, to comfort and solace him. Added to his other distresses came the death of his good old Margery, so long an attached servant to the family."

"Oh, mother, dear old Margery!" The tears stood in Dorothy's eyes.

"Hence you can see," Mrs. James continued, "how sorely the hand of sorrow has smitten your poor uncle, and how utterly lonely he has been. I am thankful, however, that my poor ministrations were of benefit, and that, forsaken as he was by those nearest him, he

still had Jasper and me to solace him, and, now, Dorothy, he shall nevermore be alone while I live, for at his urgent entreaty I have consented to become his wife, and when you receive this I shall be Mistress Humphrey James."

Dorothy stared in astonishment, before she found voice to say: "My uncle is married! To Cousin Frances! what a great surprise!"

Her mother smiled. "Mistress Humphrey James is a clever woman, yet I think she will make your uncle happy. I trust so. She is most clever and strategic, yet not unkind nor ill-tempered. Yes, I think, although she has done well for herself that she will also do well for thy uncle, but—Dorothy, I doubt not this cuts thee off utterly. I will read further."

"Naturally, as I said," she continued reading, "your uncle inclines toward thinking you an ungrateful little minx, and has felt that his years of care for you deserved a better return; and he bids me say—having no wish to write, on his own account—that save for the small amount you inherit from your father, that you can expect nothing through him."

Dorothy's cheeks flamed. "As if I expected it! I don't care, do you, mother?"

"No, my child. Such treasures may be of value in a certain sense, but they are not worth the sacrifice of one's convictions. It is no profit to gain the whole world and lose one's own soul. Those who have fled to this refuge, for the sake of religious freedom, regret not what the world calls wealth. I will finish the letter; there is but little more."

"There is not much left to say," the letter went on. "Jasper is well, and your uncle growing younger every day. My love to you, and for the last time, I sign myself

"FRANCES PRESTON."

Dorothy sat reflecting upon the news the letter contained, and when she spoke it was to say, "Mother, I believe Cousin Frances helped me to get away for her own good reasons."

Her mother repressed a smile. "I think so, too, Dorothy; but since 'twas a good act in itself to aid thee to join thy mother we can bear her no grudge, and the anxiety we might feel as to thy uncle's comfort is lifted."

"Yes, but I don't like uncle to think me an ingrate, and——"

"What further?"

"I'm afraid——. Is it unkind, mother, to

say that Cousin Frances' letter makes me feel as if she had helped him to think so? She advised me to go, and spoke but of my duty to thee, and she made me promise that my uncle should not know of her hand in the matter."

"Ah, well, my child, let it rest. That is the old life from which we are forever severed. Thou wouldst not leave thy mother now, even if thou couldst. Thou wouldst find it all changed at Humphrey's Hall, and thou wouldst not be as a daughter in the house, but as a pensioner, to be only tolerated."

Poor Dorothy felt suddenly stranded. Everything seemed to be slipping away from her—all escapes were closed to her. She must accept the inevitable. Her mother's marriage; her uncle's—why, she had never dreamed such changes could come; and the bright drops began to fall on the letter she held.

"Why, daughter, thou art weeping. Is it such sad news to thee?" her mother asked.

"Oh, mother, every one leaves me."

"Thy mother?"

"Yes." The words were spoken in so low a tone the mother could scarce hear.

"But, my child, say not so. It grieves me. I leave thee? Put such thoughts far from thee."

"But thou wilt marry, and I shall be nobody's daughter."

"My daughter, that is unkind. Thou art always my own and only. Come, Dorothy, give not rein to such rebellious thoughts."

"Ah, but mother, of late thou hast not been glad and happy with me, as thou used."

"That is not lack of love; it is that gravity and seriousness are the part of a Friend. Mirth and the great giving way to emotions do not appear seemly."

"Are they wrong? Is it wrong to laugh and be happy, and take one's pleasure?"

"It is wrong to place such things before matters of serious import; and happiness should come from the inner peace and not from matters of mere outside enjoyment, which are all vanity."

"But I saw William Penn laugh right merrily the other day. Mother, he seems not so grave and severe as those Friends at Bristol."

"He is somewhat censured for lightness of deportment, good man though he be. 'Tis his life at courts and his mingling with gay, worldly people, which renders him so. But here comes John Winterthorn. We have sad news to tell him."

John did, indeed, look sober when informed of all the changes which had taken place since he left home. His master's marriage seemed to affect him almost as much as did the news of the death of his sister Margery, who had long been feeble.

"An' you'll not go back with me, 'tis plain to tell," he said to Dorothy, when they were alone.

"Oh, no, John. I see now I should never have considered it, and as matters are, there is no such venture to be thought of. I shall never see England again."

John turned away his head, and his face twitched as he went from her. It was a hard going back for him without her, and when he did at last step aboard the vessel, which was to bear him away, Dorothy felt that the last link between herself and Old England was broken, and she clung to John with many sobs and tears, so that the old man was greatly moved, and swept the back of his hand across his eyes more than once.

A week before John's departure Hester James and Benjamin Taylor took each other in marriage, and the cave on the water-side was given up for a more comfortable log cabin

where the family was to dwell till the new house in Philadelphia should be finished.

"I was haled out of my home in Flintshire," said Benjamin Taylor, "and this will make a second move; but once in mine own again 'twill be a free estate and a free conscience, Hester, that we shall possess."

Benjamin Taylor was the strictest of Quakers; he spoke in an even, placid voice, never appeared ruffled, but his measured accents did not the less indicate a strong will and a rigid determination when once he was set upon a thing. He was, moreover, a man to make the best of opportunities, and the new country offered many. He was likely to be prosperous, painstaking and content.

Dorothy had been used to running up against a strong will, for in her uncle she encountered some such character as Benjamin's. There was, however, this difference in her own attitude. As her legal guardian she felt that her uncle had an undoubted right to control her, but she resented any such interference on the part of this step-father, who early began to establish his rules concerning her.

"Thou must not go so often to the Jon-

sons," he told her one morning, a couple of months after the removal to the log-house.

Dorothy's head was flung up suddenly as she inquired, "Why?"

"They are not of thy society. They are like to wean thee from thy friends. Thou art none too well grounded, for youth is prone to yearn for unrighteous pleasures, and the stablishing of thy feet upon a firm faith shouldst be thy first concern. These Swedes, moreover, are given to strange and ungodly customs."

"What customs?"

"Feasting and dancing, decking themselves with trumpery at bridals and at the time called Christmas. All such follies and vain customs a Friend should eschew. They burthen the pure life."

"And thou dost not want me to go to Frida Jonson's wedding?"

"I forbid it."

Dorothy could be very meek and obedient, but she could also be very determined, and her eyes snapped as she heard her step-father's calm words uttered. She turned her eyes on her mother, but her look was not returned.

"Mother," cried Dorothy, "am I not to go?"

"Thou hast heard what thy father says."

"My father!" The words were forced indignantly from the girl's lips, and she sprang up and flew to the little room overhead, which had been set aside for her use—a queer little loft of a room over the one living room below. Here Dorothy sat down and wept bitterly. "I want somebody of my own. I want it as it used to be. I want my mother all to myself, and uncle all to myself, and dear old Humphrey's Hall, I want it. I do want it as it used to be," she sobbed. The poor little rebellious spirit would not be quelled. It was strange that not a year before she had wept in her room because her uncle had insisted that she should go to Lady Beatrice Lowe's May party, and she had refused on the score of its being too great a festivity. She did not understand that coercion lay at the bottom of the difficulty, and that in both cases it was rebellion against compulsory measures which stirred her. "I cannot, I will not obey him. He is not my father," she murmured. She remembered that her simple little pleasures had, one after another, been tabooed. Her mother had a sweet voice, and Dorothy had loved to hear her sing, but now never a note was heard, for music was decried as stirring up

the soul to vanity. Dorothy had liked to wear the pretty gowns and trinkets her uncle had given her. Not gay apparel, but pretty, dainty stuffs. These had been frowned upon till only sober hues now appeared upon herself and her mother. Benjamin Taylor was a good provider, his table wanted nothing that the colony could provide. He was honest to a degree; truthful —almost too much so, for it was part of his creed to "clear himself of an exercise," and to deal with whomsoever he might disapprove. Consequently, poor little Dorothy came in for her share of this discipline. Very different it was from the bluff outbreaks of her uncle, whose tempests were of short duration, and whose blustering orders were not as terrible as they seemed. The calm, sedate, terror-striking words of Benjamin Taylor sometimes scared Dorothy greatly, and she would go to her room overcome with a sense of her depravity and her wickedness in grieving the Spirit.

But in the matter of the wedding, she was sure that she was right, for were not weddings proper entertainments, and did not even the Friends make long festivities at such times? And then she had promised, and her yea must

be yea, and her nay, nay, else she was no Quaker. That settled it. She had given up meekly all idea of Christmas joys, although she remembered regretfully the dear, merry times at Humphrey's Hall; the Yule log, and the gay company; the snap-dragon, and the mistletoe, the wreaths of holly, and the waits; not one of them but passed in review before her, and she had shed more than one tear over the loss. But she had listened quietly to Christine's account of the Christmas merry-making at her home, with the time-honored customs of old Sweden; of the service at Wicaco Church, where the garlanded lights were so beautiful, and the music so lustily sung. It had all sounded very delightful, and Dorothy was sure the Swedes were good people. They had their hymn-books and catechisms; they were honest and gentle and conscientious. Yet for all that, because Benjamin Taylor said so, she must not visit her friend Christine. She decided then and there that she would.

She listened till she heard her step-father depart, and then she climbed down the ladder, which made the only stairway to her room, and, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, she appeared before her mother.

"Mother, mother, am I not to go to Frida's wedding?"

"Thou heardest what thy father said, Dorothy."

"He is not my father."

"Hush, Dorothy, this is not the speech nor the manner of a quiet, godly Friend. Thou art all in a passion of temper. For shame to be so heated. He is thy father, inasmuch as he stands in the stead of thine own."

"Oh, mother, you did never forbid my going to Tina's before you married this man; you were very different before."

"Dorothy, Dorothy, thou art even forgetting thy plain speech."

"I cannot help it if I forget. I want to forget, if it is to make my mother my enemy. I do not love it."

"Thine enemy! because thou hast a desire for light pleasure, which is but vanity, and will stand in the way of thy soul's good?"

"But a wedding is different. Why, mother, at thine own marriage there were two days' feasting down here, and even among Friends 'tis an occasion for rejoicing."

"But not outward display and foolish bedighting of the person. Moreover, thou

hast need of a more sober influence than ever, since thou hast displayed such a spirit of evil passion. Instead of thrusting thyself into a light company, thou wouldst better sit by thyself and listen to the inner voice. I am much disappointed in thee, Dorothy. I believed thou hadst found true convincement."

"Oh, mother, I did. I do believe that thou and William Penn are right. I do not believe in persecuting the Friends, and I do believe in being gentle and truthful and peaceful, but I do not see why I may not smile, or sing or go to a merry-making, which is not merely a frolic, but is a religious ceremony. Thou didst not frown, nor be so solemn before. Thou didst but be quiet and gentle and not severe. 'Tis all Benjamin Taylor's doings."

"Dorothy!" her mother spoke sternly, "thou hast a most unruly tongue. Where is thy meekness, thy humility? Leave me. Nay, nay, I want no caress from so undutiful a daughter," and she quietly put aside the arms which were about to enfold her.

The movement had the effect of making Dorothy spring to her feet and fly out the door. Where should she go? Her beloved mother had turned against her. John Winterthorn had

left her. Her uncle cared only for his new wife, and in this strange new country to which she had fled for her mother's sake, she felt desperately lonely. She ran on and on, down the road toward the village of Chester. She looked across the creek at Essex House, the residence of Robert Wade. She wondered if William Penn, now stopping there, would be so strict with his Laetitia, as not to allow her to go to see her friends. She looked toward James Sanderland's extensive acres, and, presently, she saw that persons had begun to gather about the landing, all looking earnestly down stream.

"Ah, a vessel must be coming," she said to herself. "I will join the lookers, as 'twill be a diversion ; perhaps, even that, after a time, will be denied me. Ah, well, I shall one day be older, and need no longer stop where I do not wish, under the roof of a domineering Quaker."

It had come to this, Dorothy was calling them Quakers !

"She comes ! She comes !" the shout went up as the girl reached the landing, and all eyes were turned toward the incoming vessel.

As usual, Joseph was on hand. He never failed to see a vessel arrive, and seemed to know intuitively when to expect it.

Dorothy was glad to see him. She never had any difficulties with him, she reflected. "Ah, Joseph," she said, "how glad I am that I came down. I like well to see the ships come in. Perhaps this will bring a familiar face, or at least letters from Bristol. Knowest thou what vessel it is?"

"No, it is a larche one, dere haf many beeples kom dis year."

"Ah, so many. Ah, there she is fast, in her moorings. They will begin to land. How tired they must be of the long voyage! See them look in wonderment. So did I some months ago. Oh!—" Dorothy started forward, paused, looked again, and at the same time a lad, among the first to set foot on shore, caught sight of her. He snatched his cap from his head and waved it joyously. "Dorothy, Dorothy," he cried. "Hurrah! I've found you first thing."

The girl ran forward with outstretched hands, which were caught in a hearty clasp by Jasper!

CHAPTER XI

HOW JASPER FOUND A WAY

"Jasper! Jasper! If thou didst but know how glad I am to see thee," Dorothy cried, as she realized who it was before her.

"And I to see you, Dolly. Faith, but it seems a boon to reach solid earth again. After two months' buffeting I scarce can find my legs. 'Tis a sorry trip to make in a crowded vessel."

"But why didst thou come?" Dorothy asked. "I am filled with surprise, Jasper; I had never expected to see any of my kin again."

"You counted without your host, then, for here am I." And he laughed his own, old mellow laugh, which gave Dorothy a thrill of joy. It was delightful to see this bright, happy youth, after the days of repression; the continual association with gloomy countenances.

"And where can I find lodgment?" asked

Jasper. "I must settle that, and then for a good long talk, Dolly."

"There's room enough not to be crowded, if one desires quiet and seclusion," laughed Dorothy.

"So I venture to say. I have a letter to one Robert Wade."

"Ah, 'tis where the Proprietary is stopping. Yon house across the creek, the back piazza fronting this way, is Essex House; but I doubt if thou canst find room here, so many Friends have come over, I conclude 'tis quite filled. But, stay; I will ask Joseph. 'Tis my cousin from Old England, Jasper Preston, Joseph; and, Jasper, this is Joseph Jonson; a right, good friend of mine he is, too."

The two lads stood measuring each other. Jasper was a year or so the older, and, with his fair, curling hair, honest blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, tanned by reason of his long voyage, he formed a contrast to the swarthy, sinewy lad, with his piercing black eyes and straight, dark hair. Jasper looked curiously at Joseph's leathern breeches, stout woolen doublet and fur cap with its funny, little peak, while the Swede's boy was quite as interested in Jasper's rather foppish attire.

"I will feel indebted, sir," Jasper said, cautiously, "if you could recommend to me an inn or such abode, where I may take up lodging."

"I dink Jon Jonson dake you. Dat is de house I lif by," replied Joseph.

"Ah, I always forget Joseph's name is not Jonson. What is it, Joseph?"

"Jacobson," he replied, quietly.

"So it is; I remember now. Joseph says, Jasper, that they can take thee in at the Jonsons; that is where he lives. I am so glad thou canst go there, Jasper, for they are my best friends. Thou wilt see my dear, pretty Tina, and Frida who is soon to be married. They will make thee quite comfortable."

"Are they Dutch?" asked Jasper, in an aside.

"No, Swedes; and now come, let us go. Thou hast a box, perhaps, or other luggage."

"A box or so; yes."

"What of them, Joseph?"

"I kom get dem bimeby."

Dorothy flashed him a smile. "Thou art always so ready to help, Joseph," she said. "Oh, Jasper, I have a hundred things to ask thee."

"And I a thousand to tell."

"My uncle, how is he? And thy mother, Mistress James? How strange to call her so."

"Your uncle is better and younger than I ever saw him, and my mother is also well. And how is your mother, who is Mistress James, also?"

"But she is not?"

Jasper stared. "Not!"

"No, I forgot thou hadst not heard. She has married one Benjamin Taylor."

"Then—why, Dolly, we are closer akin, for each has a step-father."

Dorothy looked grave; it was a sore subject with her just then, for she had, scarce an hour before, run out of the house to get rid of the remembrance, and her going directly to the Swede's might seem like an open act of rebellion. Yes surely, Jasper's coming might be sufficient excuse. And she again repeated, "Ah, Jasper, if thou didst but know how glad I am to see thee."

He smiled brightly. "This is a strange, new country," he remarked. "I am greatly exercised to know and see the curious things hereabouts."

"Joseph and I will show thee, will we not, Joseph? I think thou wilt open thine eyes at

many things. What thinkest thou of flocks of wild pigeons so dense that they seem like a cloud; of turkeys so immoderately fat that some weigh over forty pounds? And as for fish, such mighty draughts thou hast never even imagined."

Jasper's face beamed; he had all the Englishman's love of sport, and he nodded appreciatively at Joseph.

"Ah, yes," laughed Dorothy. "Joseph can show thee many things. Thou canst not find a better teacher. He has knowledge of all the Indian crafts. Oh, thou hast much to see, Jasper."

The lad concluded he had when he reached the house of the Swede, Jon Jonson, and saw the good wife in her skin jacket and linsey petticoat, saw the rude implements, the queerly furnished room. But the hospitality was, above all things, conspicuous, and he was received with smiles and greetings even by the shy little children.

Dorothy watched him with much amusement, as he partook of the dinner soon ready. He took his cue from her, and declared afterward that he was never so puzzled in his life, that he had no idea of what he was eating,

when hominy, pumpkin, wild fowl, and other unfamiliar dishes were set before him.

"And now, Jasper, while Joseph has gone for the box, and has taken the news of thine arrival to my mother, let us have our talk," Dorothy said, after the meal was over.

"And later I will pay my respects to Mistress Taylor," he returned.

"First of all, then, tell me why thou wast moved to take the voyage?"

"For you, Dolly."

Dorothy opened her eyes. "For me?"

Jasper laughed. "You see, Dorothy, after you went away, your uncle was in a fine fury, and declared he would never again have aught to do with you. Zounds! but I was surprised when he and my mother made a match. I like it not."

"And, why, Jasper? My uncle is a man of excellent parts, and of gentle birth."

"So he is, and of right goodly carriage, save when he is in a rage; but I wanted no step-father, heir or no heir though I might be. Well, then, Dolly, after the marriage my tongue wagged too freely one day, for your uncle told me that he intended that I should not only inherit Humphrey's Hall, but all his personal estate, which

at one time I know was intended for you. I spoke hotly, for he said harsh things of you, and said I, 'To my mother did Dorothy go for advice; 'twas not as if she had fled unadvised,' and then I told him that my mother was to bear farewells and make it smooth for you. Then your uncle turned a lowering look on my mother, who burst out a-weeping and said 'twas for love—for love she had so done. I did not understand, nor do I yet, what was her meaning, but suffice to say that in some way I made a disturbment. Then I vowed I would have none estate if I must rob you, and my mother did weep more and more, so that I did more and more wonder. Nevertheless I had my say, and strode out, leaving them to settle their difference. Later, your uncle came to me and said he loved you well, and would you return he would still make you his heir; and then came my mother saying I had done her great despite. What, she would not say; but she did regret she had sent you off without consulting your uncle. Then said I, give me but a portion for travel, and over seas will I go to Mistress Dolly, and, perchance, she will return, if but for a visit. So, mistress, I have come this long way for you. Your uncle was well

pleased at my proposition. He gave me a fat purse, and said, 'My good lad, bring her back and we'll welcome her heartily. Tell the lass I don't blame her for following her mother, but that I long to see her sweet face.' I told him certain intentions of mine then and there, Dolly, which pleased him right well."

"And what were they?"

"I cannot tell you yet."

Dorothy sat with her chin in her hands. What strange temptations to return were continually offered her!

"Little coz, are you happy here?" asked Jasper, gently.

Tears filled the girl's eyes. "Oh, Jasper, I have not been so of late."

"Does your step-father treat you ill?"

"He means not to, but he is strict, very strict. He is a good man; a tender and careful husband. He desires me to be more serious and solemn than is my nature; that is all. My mother, who used to be merry and gladsome with me in the old days, now treats me with more severity than I ever have known, for even my uncle's tempestuous words were of little account to me, because I knew in another moment he would caress me."

"You were a dear, merry child, Dolly. I can hear your tinkling baby laugh now."

"And Benjamin Taylor," Dorothy continued, "like all Friends, forbids music and pleasuring of any kind. And, oh, Jasper, he has forbidden me to go to Frida's wedding, and I so want to go."

"Forbids you?"

"Yes."

"Why so?"

"Because 'tis a festal occasion of which he does not approve."

Jasper arose and walked up and down the floor. "We'll see to this, Dolly, he said. "When is the wedding to be?"

"The day after to-morrow. Ah, Jasper, thou wilt be here, and wilt see it all. I am glad, for thou wilt meet many persons and observe many new customs. I am truly glad thou canst be here to go, even if I cannot."

"But you shall go; I will find a way."

"Oh, Jasper, how canst thou? With the Friends yea is yea, and nay is nay."

"I have a right good plan. I will come and tell you of it to-morrow, and now shall we go to your home? I have many messages to give, and in my boxes are gifts from your uncle and my

mother for you. Ah, Dolly, you were not cut out for a Quaker."

"I fear not. I am very rebellious. I have longings for many things the Friends forbid. I love music, and beauty, and fair apparel."

"Yet you were much set to oppose those who did favor them."

"Because of my mother. I did not realize till I left dear old Humphrey's Hall what it meant to give up those things. 'Twas very different the doing because I chose, from the doing because I am forced."

Jasper laughed. "'Tis a nice distinction which I well understand ; you are too much of a James to be driven."

"Oh, yes. I realize that I am not a true Friend, as my mother is. I sit in meeting on First Day, and instead of hearing whisperings of the Spirit and voices which urge me to meekness and to fervor of belief, I find my thoughts wandering, wandering back to Old England, to the little church where we used to go as little children, Jasper, and I hear the good, kind voice of the vicar in the old, old prayers. I hear the choir chanting. Ah, Jasper, I am a sad renegade. I have told no one this but thee,

but it is such a comfort to unburden my heart. Ah, thy coming is a great happiness."

"Poor little Dolly! Never mind, you shall yet see Old England, for you will go back with me, will you not, if only for a visit?"

"Ah, Jasper, 'tis oversoon to leave my mother again, and I do love her, I do, and she loves me, even though she has so changed. I cannot tell so soon what I might do. Thou dost not return at once?"

"Not till I wish; make yourself easy on that score, Dolly. I want to see more of this new country, and I am very desirous of seeing some sport with that queer fellow. What is his name?"

"Joseph Jacobson. Yes, I know thou wilt enjoy him; he is so clever."

"What is he? Indian? Swede? English? I cannot make him out."

"His father was an Englishman, his mother an American Indian, and he has been brought up by the Jonsons. I have never heard his story entirely, but he has lived with the Jonsons since he was a little bit of a boy, and he is now sixteen, and so manly. I am sure thou wilt find him a pleasing companion."

They had left the house of the Swedes,

who had considerately let the cousins have a corner to themselves in the big living room till they could have their talk out, and were ready to start for Dorothy's home. Now they were following the path thither. Jasper tossed back his curling locks.

"I am ripe for adventure," he remarked, "and when once I forget the rolling of the ship, and the stench arising from it, I shall be ready for anything. Have we nearly reached your home, Dolly?"

"Yes, 'tis just beyond that great clearing. Thou canst see the smoke arising from the chimney, even now."

Jasper was greeted cordially by both Benjamin Taylor and his wife, who overlooked Dorothy's long absence.

"And where is thy kinsman stopping?" she was asked by her step-father.

"At Jon Jonson's," she replied.

Benjamin frowned slightly. "I would he had gone among Friends. I opine he is of the world's people, and 'twere well for one of his tender years to be under the influence of those who have found the truth."

The reference to his tender years was scarcely relished by Jasper, who replied: "I

have a letter to one Robert Wade and another to your Governor himself, whose father, Admiral Penn, was well known in Bristol, and was a friend of my grandfather's. I had thought to find lodgment at Mr. Robert Wade's, but I learn his house is at present overfull, and 'twould be an intrusion to ask shelter from him. These Swedes are most hospitable, and I shall find it comfortable in their house, I doubt not."

"Yet somewhat different from an English home," returned Benjamin Taylor. "A little later, shouldst thou tarry so long, our own house in the city of Philadelphia can offer welcome to thee. 'Tis not quite complete, but nearly so."

It looked strange enough to Jasper to see Dorothy helping her mother in such domestic ways, as he had never imagined her capable of using. The retinue of servants at Humphrey's Hall had precluded any such necessity, and to see fair little Dolly doing menial work rather disturbed the lad. But Dorothy smiled at his outspoken dislike to her soiling her hands, and told him in a new country all must work.

"'Tis a law to be enforced," she informed him, "that all over twelve years of age shall

have a trade; so, Master Jasper, thou hadst best set thy wits to work to choose thine if thou dost mean to remain here."

"Ah, but I do not," he returned. "I like it well enough for a brief space, but 'tis too rough for me."

"'Tis a fine country for freedom of thought, and for those who have a strong right arm and a staunch heart," remarked Benjamin Taylor. "'Tis a wonderful country in resources, and methinks must prosper."

"So say I, from what I have seen of it, though that is but little, since I arrived but this morning."

"The number of arrivals is astonishing. Hast thou heard speak of the fair treaty which William Penn hath made with the Indians? 'Twas a most generous and just one, and we dwell in safety in the midst of our savage brethren because of it. The Swedes, too, have offered their allegiance, so mild and merciful is our Governor."

"I have been two months at sea, and have heard little but the dashing of waves," replied Jasper.

"'Twas at Shackamaxon, under the great elm tree, that the treaty was made. We can

show thee the spot. The whole affair does credit to the largeness of heart which distinguishes the Proprietary. There is some one rapping, Dorothy; some Friend belated, perchance."

"'Tis but Joseph. He has come to pilot Jasper home."

"A good lad is Joseph," returned Benjamin. "I would he came to our meetings, yet I do not despair of him. Enter Joseph; what is the weather?"

"She yust pecin to sleedt. I am slip quick by de door, she is so icy."

"Ah, sleeting is it? I must see if the cattle are sheltered; we shall see thee often, Jasper," and he extended his broad hand in token of good will.

"I'll come to-morrow," Jasper told Dorothy, "and we can then have further talk." And, setting his teeth to brave the storm, he set out with Joseph across the rough country to the Jonson's farm, leaving a much happier girl than the one who had fled from the house that morning.

CHAPTER XII

A WEDDING PARTY

Dorothy always felt peculiarly safe where Jasper was. From babyhood it had been so, when the sturdy boy of five led the little girl of two along gravelled walks, careful to see that she did not stumble or fall; and now his near presence seemed to promise a dispersion of all her clouds. Therefore she watched eagerly for him the next day, but he did not make his appearance till afternoon.

"What kept thee, Jasper?" she asked, as she opened the door for him. "Was it the ice?"

"No; slippery as it is, I have been traveling hither and thither. I went this morning to Essex House to deliver my letters, and Dolly—" his eyes twinkled.

"What?"

"You are to go to the wedding by order of the Governor."

"Oh, Jasper, what jest is this?"

"'Tis no jest; I speak but the truth."

"Oh, come inside—over here by the fire, and tell me."

"Softly, my little coz. You are in too great haste."

"Now, Jasper, do not tease me."

"Ah, then, I will not. 'Twas this wise, Dolly: Your friend, Joseph, rowed me across the creek in one of those queer little canoes to the landing opposite Robert Wade's house, and after I had puzzled to know whether the gable end facing the river, or the porch facing the creek were the proper entrance, I decided upon the former, and went around to the river front. I readily found admittance, and was welcomed as an old friend. A most gracious and courtly man is your Governor, much too fine for a Quaker."

"Now, Jasper," interposed Dorothy.

"Ah, but I said you were no Quaker."

Dorothy shook her head at him, and he laughed softly, after he had looked around to see if his indiscretion had been heard by Dorothy's mother.

"Then," continued Jasper, "he asked where I was stopping, and I told him. Then, sly boots that I am—give me credit, Dolly, for astuteness—I said, 'I suppose, sir, you will attend the wedding festivities to-morrow. I bring you a cordial invitation, although I hear you have already had one.' The Governor looked at Mr. Wade, who nodded, and said 'Yes, the eldest daughter of Jon Johnson is to be married at Wicaco Church.'

"'I should like to witness it,' said his Excellency, musingly.

"'Twould be most gracious of you,' spoke up Master Foxy I, 'since these people have but lately come under your government.'

"'I am sure 'twould gratify them; moreover, their customs are, doubtless, interesting to behold.'

"'What thinkest thou, Robert?' said he.

"'That 'twould please the Swedes greatly. I shall be well pleased to escort thee thither.'

"'Thou wilt, of course, be there, Master Preston?' said his Governorship.

"Then, foxy, I again says 'I fain would go, sir, could a little cousin of mine be present, but since she is forbidden to attend, I think I must perforce comfort her with my society.'"

Dorothy clapped her hands softly.

"Then up speaks Mr. Penn and asks, 'Why goes she not?' and I answered, 'Because her step-father, Benjamin Taylor, thinks it is not seemly for a Friend to attend such pernicious ceremonies as weddings.'

"His Excellency laughed at my demure speech and said, 'Ah, that is too severe. Our good Benjamin Taylor must not be hard on a little lass—a little lass I suppose it is?'

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'and a right good one.' Then, Dorothy, pardon me if I do not repeat what came next, 'twould cause your fair cheek to blush at my praises and my story of you."

"Ah, Jasper, thou wast always a sad flatterer."

"No, I but spoke the truth. But hear the rest. Then said the Governor: 'Bear my good wishes to thy little cousin and say I hope she will join our party, and also say to Benjamin Taylor that 'tis in accordance with my express desire that the lass comes with thee.'"

"Oh, thou dear, good Jasper, how happy thou hast made me! There, my mother has left her spinning and comes toward us. Tell her.'

Jasper delivered his message with great gravity.

"How comes William Penn to know of my daughter?" Mrs. Taylor asked a little suspiciously.

"Because, Mistress Taylor, I spoke of my cousin, and awoke the Proprietary's interest in her," Jasper replied.

"I will consult my husband," returned Dorothy's mother.

But Jasper frustrated this, and sought out the worthy himself.

Benjamin reflected upon the matter. "A Friend's yea is yea, and his nay nay," he said. "I cannot give my consent after having withheld it."

"Well, what would happen if Dorothy went without it?" queried Jasper.

Benjamin looked at him with a little twinkle in his eye. "Nothing," he said.

Jasper laughed and considered the matter settled, while Dorothy understood that nothing stood in the way of her accepting the honor shown her by the Governor, and made ready, with a very happy heart, to return the next day with Jasper to the Essex House, from which she was to start to the Jonsons to see pretty

Frida married to one of the young Swansons from up at Passiung. Dorothy had once seen the church at Wicaco; a queer block house, used as a place of defence as well as a church. She had been much interested in the story of how the Indians had tried to undermine the building when the people had gathered there for defence, and how the women with their scalding soft soap effectually drove off the savages. The lands of the Swansons had been then pointed out to her by Christine, and she had often seen the fresh-looking young Swede whom Frida was to marry.

On the eventful evening, cuddled down under a great bearskin, with her cousin Jasper not far away, with the Proprietary and his friends in the company, Dorothy took her way in a rude sledge to the church. Snow had fallen over night, and the ground was white.

The dingy little church was gay with lights and green with garlands from the woods, which reminded Dorothy of her own familiar church at Christmas time in her old home.

"The blind old pastor, Fabritius, performed the ceremony according to the canon of the Church of England, and Dorothy was carried back to her childhood's days as she looked

upon the performance of the familiar rite, although she could not understand the words, the Dutch language being used.

After the ceremony a joyous party assembled in the stout log house of Jon Jonson. On one of the long benches, placed in readiness, the bridegroom seated himself, with his friends. Opposite, on another, Jon Jonson took his place with his special company, among these guests being William Penn and his companions, to whom a glad welcome had been accorded. Frida's seat was a cross-bench, where she and her bridesmaids were installed in state, Frida wearing her gold crown, her garlands, her bridal ornaments; her flaxen hair being arranged in the time-honored Swedish fashion.

There was much that was queer and interesting to the English visitors, even though they could not understand everything. Dorothy was specially interested in the bestowal of the "*bekkjar-gjöf*," or bench-gift, which in this instance was a beautiful fur cloak made from skins which young Olaf Swanson had procured and dressed with his own hands, and which he presented by walking across the floor and offering it to his bride while she still sat on the bridal bench.

After all the ceremonies were over there followed such a feast as made Jasper open his eyes. Ham, beef, tongue, turkey, goose, pastries of chickens and partridges, cheese and sweetmeats, and punch. Such liberal supplies of the latter that it is a wonder the company kept sober heads at all. There were, too, many other strange drinks, including *Œlost*, *Hätt Pät*, with a dozen other concoctions which puzzled Jasper, as well as some of the other English guests. Then came the old Swedish games; jumping and skin-pulling and dancing, pretty national dances with strong, wild, rhythmic accents, made by a stamp of the foot in time with the music. It was all very delightful to the little English girl who had so long been under the restrictions of Quaker seriousness. She thought Frida in her gilt crown the most beautiful creature she had ever beheld, and asked Jasper if he did not agree with her.

"She is pretty," Jasper said, "and so is her sister, your friend Christine. She has such a lovely complexion and eyes like forget-me-nots. I shall ask her to dance with me." And true enough he led out the pretty, blushing Tina, although he was not familiar with the Swedish measures. Still he "footed it featly," and

Dorothy, who did not dare to take part in such frivolities, sat in her corner and watched the pair with a little jealous feeling at heart.

Joseph spent much time at her side, explaining to her the various customs and acting as interpreter. But he left her to take part in the jumping, which Dorothy thought wonderful, and she clapped her hands when he outleaped them all, strong and agile as the Swedes were. But in the skin-pulling it was young Olaf Swanson who was able to tear the ox-hide asunder, though his opponent, a Jonson, pulled with all his might, and nearly fell over into the roaring fire in his efforts to win.

And then Tina brought over the old blind pastor, and, with Joseph's help, she managed to talk to him. Pastor Fabritius could no longer read the church service, he told her, and Andras Bengsen was now reader, but the old man performed all such rites as marriage, and was an honored guest, although a man of turbulent disposition who had more than once been suspended from exercising the rights of his office.

"You haf also my name," he said to Dorothy.

She looked up in surprise. "Why? Ah, thy first name is James," she returned.

"The same in Swedish, Dutch and Latin, for 'tis Jacobus Fabritius," he told her.

"How funny," replied Dorothy. "I never knew that James and Jacobus were the same. I think the changes in name are very queer anyhow. Lars is Lawrence, and Brita is Bridget, and Olle is William. 'Tis very confusing. Was your marriage service the same as ours? I mean as the Church of England's? It seemed so to me."

"Yes, 'tis the zame; de Zwedish church is much lige de Eenglish."

"Ah, Jasper will be glad of that. He can then go to Wicaco Church. Dost hear, Jasper?" she asked, as her cousin came up, and the old pastor moved away.

"I do, little coz," Jasper answered. "I have been afraid that you would insist upon making a Quaker of me, and I have no will to pull a long countenance, nor whine in my speech like a whipped cur."

"Ah, Jasper, say not so. Does the Proprietary thus? Look at him now, he has as smiling a countenance as any, and saw you how he joined in some of the sports?"

"Aye, I did. If all men were of his ilk, I might—what is it you call it—find convince-

ment." And Jasper laughed, although Dorothy looked grave.

"Who is that queer, old creature over yonder, to whom Joseph shows such respect?" asked Jasper.

"Why, 'tis his grandmother. She is an Indian."

"An Indian! How odd to have a savage redskin for a grandmother; and that makes me think, Dolly, I don't half like the boy's hanging around you so much. He's all very well for a guide or interpreter, but it doesn't seem to me that he is exactly what you should desire for a gallant," Jasper spoke in quite an aggrieved tone.

"Now, Jasper, thou, too, art trying to rob me of my friends. My step-father forbids me Tina, and thou must needs speak thus of my good Joseph. Dost thou not see that in this country all are alike? Why, some of the children of these same Swedes who came over as convicts are now prominent in court and council."

"Nevertheless, I don't like a half Indian so at your side, receiving your smiles as freely as a gentle. Next you'll be packing off to the woods and living in a wigwam."

Dorothy laughed, although Jasper seemed in earnest. "Nonsense, I am ashamed of thee, Jasper, and after Joseph has been so kind and has done thee such service," the girl said, reproachfully.

"That is not forgotten. I like the lad, so far as I am concerned; 'tis but in your interest. Listen, Dolly, there is the music; come tread a measure with me, as we used to do in the old days."

Dorothy drew back quite shocked. "Ah Jasper, thou hast forgotten I am a Friend."

Jasper turned on his heel without a word, but with ill-humor visible on his face, and in another moment Dorothy saw him stepping out with pretty little Alfhild Bengsen, and she sat watching them till Joseph came up.

"I was so pleased to see thee win at the jumping. How wonderfully agile thou art, Joseph," she said.

"I am yust like a cricket at yumping," he replied. "Yon is quite yealous of me." He spoke with some of the unaffected sincerity of the Swedes, and with a little of the boastfulness of the Indians. Dorothy smiled at the "yumping" and the other y's. She liked Joseph's broken English.

"Why dost thou not dance?" she asked.

"Pecause you not tance."

"Ah, that is no reason. The Friends do not approve of dancing, thou knowest." In these days she would have said thee knows, but that form of Quaker speech had not then become common, and would have been considered very ungrammatical.

"I wish thou wouldst take me to talk to thy grandmother, Joseph," she continued. "She seems so interested in everything. Is she very old, and is she a full-blooded Indian?"

"She not fery oldt: Inyan woman get old qvick. She half white blood. Her fader white man like mine."

"Oh; then thou art less than half an Indian? Some day, Joseph, I want thee to tell me about thy father and mother, but now I want to talk to thy grandmother. Will she care to speak to me?"

"She be fery pleasing to do so," returned Joseph.

He led her to the chimney corner where the old Indian woman sat. She was picturesque even in her queer dress, half-civilized, half-savage; a bright calico skirt and a fur jacket; beads around her neck, ear-rings in her ears,

moccasins on her feet. She was a store-house of history and anecdote when once her grave reticence was broken, and, after a few words from Joseph in her native tongue, she was roused to carry on a queer broken conversation with the English lass.

Jasper, looking across the room, frowned, then his usually sunny face took on a very dissatisfied expression. Dolly was acting in open defiance to his expressed wish, and his pride, as well as his self-esteem, was wounded. He had come all the way across the ocean to offer her the share in her uncle's estate, which he had generously refused to accept, and this was how she treated him. Jasper told himself that he was a much wronged person. As for that Indian boy, he would like, to use a modern boy's parlance—"to punch his head." Yes, and it was owing to his efforts that Dolly had come to the wedding; he had almost forgotten that. Jasper was not likely to give open voice to grievances, he was too much of a gentleman; but he could pity himself and feel himself much abused, so much so that he held aloof from the remainder of the festivities, and did not go near Dorothy for the rest of the evening.

Dorothy, however, enjoyed herself thoroughly, and her pretty, bashful thanks to the Proprietary for his invitation quite won that genial gentleman's heart.

It was arranged that Jasper should go to Essex House for a stay, since a pressure of guests filled the Jonsons establishment to overflowing, and the departure that day of some of Robert Wade's visitors gave him more room for entertaining strangers.

Dorothy was left at her own door at a later hour than she ever remembered having been out before, and was met by her step-father with the remark, "Thou hast not spared time in thy worldly festivities."

"I could not come before," the girl made answer. "I must needs wait till those were ready who should bring me home. Thy friends, William Penn and Robert Wade have but now taken leave. There were, moreover, certain women Friends. who were loath to come away."

Benjamin Taylor shook his head. "'Twill not do, 'twill not do. They must be warned from the seductions of the world. This refuge is not meant as a place for carousals and much evil mirth. 'Tis an ungodly beginning."

This put quite a damper on Dorothy's pleasant recollections of the evening, but she climbed up the step-ladder to her little loft room, without another word, yet wishing she might have been spared such comments on the joyful occasion.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SON OF A CHIEF

A heavy snowfall immediately after the wedding kept Dorothy housed for some days. Nor did she see any of her friends within a week, for the unbroken forest paths showed only the tracks of deer, fox, or some other wild creature, and those persons who need not stir abroad kept closely within the bounds of their own estates while the deep snow lasted.

Dorothy wondered whether Jasper had returned to the Jonsons. She had heard Robert Wade tell him he should be glad of his company so long as he should be pleased to remain, consequently Jasper was, perhaps, still there. She grew tired of indoors, and longed to see Tina and talk over all the news of the wedding; but she did not dare ask permission, and she determined to behave so decorously and

sedately as soon to win the concession of a leave to visit her friends.

She was right in her conjecture that this would come, for one morning she preferred her request, and received the coveted permission.

It was a crisp, cold winter's day; the snow hanging to roof and thatch sparkled like diamonds; the road by this time had been packed hard by travel and offered sufficiently good walking. Dorothy, well bundled up, ran along thinking how beautiful this still white landscape; the little farm houses, once in a while appearing, sent up from their chimneys slender blue wreaths of smoke, the sombre pines held white festoons, the purple of a line of forest showing pleasantly behind them against a pale winter's sky.

She had only gone half way when whom should she meet but Joseph, his bow and arrows in his hand and a brace of birds slung over his shoulder. He stopped with a little exclamation of pleasure as he saw Dorothy, and, joining her, the two went on through the woods toward the Jonsons.

"I suppose it seems perfectly natural to thee to kill the beautiful deer and the birds for food," Dorothy remarked; "but I feel so sorry for them."

It did seem a queer notion to Joseph, and he looked at her half puzzled.

"You dondt lige eat her?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, and I know it is necessary; but these are so beautiful," and she stroked with one finger the glossy feathers of one of the birds Joseph held.

"Dis is goodt," he said gravely. "Is goodt for be great hunter, too."

"I know. Ah, Joseph, thou saidst thou wouldst one day tell me how it came that thou wert here at the Jonsons, and that I might hear all about thy father and mother."

"My fader a chief."

"Yes, I know; but he was a white man, you told me."

"Yes, he take by de Inyan when he little boy. He fader is kildt. He live off some vay, by de Chesapeake. My grandmudder is tell me all 'bout. De fader is kildt, den my fader is take away by de Lenni Lenape. He is little boy, and big chief call him son, teach him be big hunter, and he grow up large and strong in de lodge. Den bimeby he marry my mudder, and de old chief die, so my fader is chief an' I am next kom. Den one times come a priest and my fader is listen him. Den he remember

dat he is vite mans and he hear de religion of de priest and he is converted. Den dere is a times when de Susquahannah is fight my fader's people, dey are much war, and he is kom by dis place and he is vounded; den Yon Yonson is nurse him to his house and make him well. So dey is greadt freindt. Den one day my mudder is die, and my fader come long vay and bring me to Yon Yonson and say 'take my boy till I kom. I am go fight somebodys dat is kill my broders.' Den he is go and is kildt by de Susquahannah, and I am sday foreffer by Yon Yonson."

Dorothy listened with all her ears to this story of fighting and killing. "Did thy father remember his father?"

"Yes, he is say he is Englishman."

"And what was his name?"

"His Inyan name was Tepasekant."

"But your name is Jacobson?" she said.

"My fader is Jacobus. I am Jacobson."

"Jacobus!" Dorothy stopped short in the middle of the path. Her eyes filled with surprise. "Why that is what the Pastor Fabritius said was my name. He said it was James in English. Your father's name then was James. I wonder if it was his first or his last name. I do wish I knew."

"I am Joseph Jacobson."

"I know, and they pronounce it Yosef Yacobson; so I never thought of associating it with James," returned Dorothy. "I should like to know more about it. Does Jon Jonson know?"

Joseph shook his head. "He is know my fader is Yacobus, and his Inyan name is Tepasekant."

"And thou hast no way of knowing his English name entirely. Isn't it too bad?"

They walked along silently for some time; then Dorothy said, "Joseph, perhaps your grandmother knows."

He nodded. "Perhaps she know. She lif py de voodths mit her beeple. My fader is say he like me be vite man's Christian, so he gif to lif py Yon Yonson, and de grandmudder is near me all de time."

"I wish thou wouldst go and see her and ask her. I am curious about that name Jacobus."

"I go now," and Joseph started off like a deer, leaving Dorothy to pursue her way alone.

She had not gone far before she heard voices raised in angry altercation. She stood still, hesitating whether to go on or to retrace her steps. Curiosity caused her to proceed to

"Boys! Boys!" she cried, "what is this?"—Page 207

do the latter, and she hesitatingly went back along the path, and to her surprise saw Joseph and Jasper quarreling. What did it mean? She was amazed, indignant, distressed, and ran hastily toward them.

"You shall not," she heard Jasper say. I will not have you walking and wandering with my cousin. She is an English lady and you—"

"The son of a chief!" cried Joseph, drawing himself up proudly. "And I am not forgedting your words. I am a Swede poy py de pringing oop. I am an Inyan for dat my mudder is half Inyan. I am an Englishman for dat I am de son of one. You must take pack your vurdts." The boy's eyes flashed and he looked dangerous.

Dorothy was more and more distressed. Jasper had seen her innocently walking with the lad, and had chosen to bring about the quarrel.

"Boys! boys!" she cried, "what is this? Art thou not ashamed, Jasper, to say such things? Don't look so angry, Joseph, Jasper does not understand. Don't look so fierce. You frighten me." Joseph's menacing hand dropped to his side, but he stood sullen and lowering.

"Ah, you side with him!" cried Jasper. "You are willing to cast aside your own kin for— "

"Hush!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Jasper, thou art beside thyself! Is this an English gentleman's way of paying for hospitality? Is this the way he wipes out his obligations, by quarreling with his benefactor, by abusing one who has befriended his kin?"

"Jasper's head drooped. "I was too hasty," he murmured. "But, Dolly— "

"Nay, nay, no more! Thou hadst best return to Robert Wade's, and when thou canst appear as a gentleman I shall be willing to speak with thee." And Dorothy, very proud and determined, with quite the air of the haughtiest of the Jameses, went up to Joseph saying, "My friend, wilt thou kindly see me to the end of my journey? My cousin must offer an apology, but thou must not stay here to wait for it." And Joseph turned to go with her, leaving Jasper crestfallen and humiliated.

The boy really thought he was doing right. He did as he would have done at home should some peasant lad presume to offer attentions to his cousin, and he did not understand the difference between such a case and the present

one. He had the good sense, however, to give an account of the difficulty to the Proprietary himself, and received some good advice, as well as a gentle reproof for his hasty words. Dorothy was bent upon conciliating Joseph, who, she felt, had been the injured one. "My cousin does not understand. Please forgive him, Joseph," she entreated.

The boy strode along sullen and angry, making no reply.

"Wilt thou not?" pleaded Dorothy. "It will make me so miserable if thou dost not. If thou wert in England thou couldst understand his feeling, and that makes me the more anxious to hear what thy grandmother says. So, when thou hast fetched me to the house, wilt thou go and finish the errand on which thou wast bent when thou didst encounter Jasper?"

Joseph's frown grew heavy again at the mention of Jasper's name. Dorothy anxiously watched him. "And, Joseph," she went on to say, "Your father wanted you to be a Christian, like his people, and not revengeful like the Indians—I mean like savages who have not heard the truth. Please say you will not hurt him if you meet him." The tears stood in the girl's eyes. She had an indistinct and uncom-

fortable feeling that Joseph, with his Indian blood, might not stand even at scalping Jasper. But Joseph would make no promises, and strode off after seeing Dorothy safely at the Swede's. "I will wait till thou hast come back," she told him, "so please come soon." She tried to smile, but it was a poor attempt, and Joseph made no response. She stood watching him till he was out of sight, and then went in.

It was two hours before he returned. Dorothy, meanwhile, had been delightedly received by Tina, and had heard how Frida had gone to her new home, and how Brita had eaten too many dainties at the wedding and had been sick; and how little Nils had trapped a hare that morning; and how Anders and Gostaf had been jumping and skin pulling since the great event; and how Olle Swanson had presented Tina with a set of chessmen he had himself carved. So there was much to hear.

All the time, however, Dorothy was anxious for Joseph's return. She feared a second encounter with Jasper, and she knew that the latter, considering Joseph in the light of a mere plow-boy, a hired hand in the house of the Jonsons, would not be disposed to alter his attitude.

"If I only could see Jasper alone, and make him understand," she said to herself. And when Joseph appeared in time for the mid-day dinner, Dorothy looked at him anxiously, and he nodded re-assurance. He seemed in a good humor, and after dinner told her that his grandmother had informed him of many things, and that she had a keepsake, which she would show Dorothy if she would visit her in the little cabin where she lived with one of her grandsons. This Indian family had become Christianized, and had their own little farm in the midst of the Swedish settlement, which they turned to good account, selling their produce to the new settlers. Old Wesakhona was a clever maker of all kinds of baskets, and dishes so closely woven as to hold water, and of all manner of strange, fantastic shapes. She had also a great knowledge of herbs, and a skill in the use of them which was quite wonderful. Dorothy had often been to her house for ointments and healing potions.

"Grandmudder say you kom. She show. She is not send py me. She has somet'ing of my grandfader."

"Oh, has she? I am quite curious to see it. Did she show it to thee, Joseph?"

"Yes, I am see before, but I am forgedting it."

The wrinkled old dame sat in her chimney corner, her long, brown fingers at work on a basket, which she gave Dorothy to understand should be hers when it was finished.

The girl watched her deftly plaiting the straws in and out, while she told what she knew of Joseph's parentage. Without producing her broken English, it was as follows :

"When I was a young woman I wandered whither my tribe did, and at one time we were on the shores of the Chesapeake, where there were several white settlements. We heard that the white people would come to build big cities there, and one man, named Osborne, had already begun one, we were told. One day a white man killed one of my tribe, and his brother vowed that the next white man he met he would kill in revenge. There was one man who had commenced to build a house and to clear land near to the man Osborne's. It was on a river near the Chesapeake. This white man had no wife, but he had a little boy about eight years old. The brother of the Indian who had been killed encountered the white man in the woods and slew him, bringing the child

away with him alive. This Indian was my brother. He brought me a gold ring, which he said the white man wore. I will show it to you. I was young then. I liked the ornament. I kept it, and one day my daughter married the white man's son, who had grown to be a great chief. He was adopted into the tribe. He was Joseph's father, but he never forgot his own white father, and said that his son should be a white man's son, and learn white man's ways, as well as Indian ways. He was killed by the Susquahannah, and the son has lived always with white people since he was a little boy."

"And may I see the ring?" asked Dorothy.

The old woman produced a little box curiously woven of straw, and from it she took a seal ring, which she handed to Dorothy. On it in intaglio was carved a man's head.

Dorothy looked at it with much curiosity. Such a tragic history! Such a ghastly memento! Suddenly she fell to examining it more closely. She glanced up with a startled look. "Why!" she exclaimed, "how curious! My uncle wears a ring just like this, and my mother has one which was my father's. How strange!" She took the ring over to the little window, covered with a bladder skin, through which the light

came dimly ; but she was able to read an inscription on the inside of the ring. "H. J., 1646," and a Latin motto, "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*" "That, too, is in my father's ring ; I have seen it a dozen times," she exclaimed, as the color came and went in her cheek. "His name ! his name ! Do you know it ?" she asked.

The old woman looked puzzled. The white boy Joseph's father we called Tepasekant."

"No ! no ! I mean the English name ! Joseph, Joseph ; see ! Thou hast said thy father told thee his name. What was it ? Thou art called Jacobus, 'tis the same as James ! Oh, how strange this is. And this ring, so like my father's and my uncle's ! What does it mean ?"

Then flashed across her memory John Winterthorn's quest ; the killing of Hilary James by the Indians, and his son ! his son must have been Joseph's father, who was not killed at all. It might readily be so ; or the ring might have been some other person's—might have been stolen. Still, there was the name Jacobus. "Oh, I wish I could show this ring to my mother," she cried. But the old squaw shook her head. It was a sort of talisman to her, and she would not let it go out of her possession. She was superstitious about losing

sight of it. "Then," said Dorothy, "I will bring my father's ring here and compare them. I am sure my mother has it. Come, Joseph, let us go and tell her. Oh, canst thou remember when it was this happened?—the time of year;" The old squaw reflected. "'Twas in the time of corn planting, when the leaves were as large as squirrel's ears."

"Oh, if John Winterthorn were but here," said Dorothy. "He could tell us much more, for he has searched and learned all about it, and there are men living who know. Come, Joseph, to my mother." She was vastly excited over the possibility. Suppose it should be so · then Joseph would be her cousin. She believed him to be the grandson of Hilary James, but how to prove it was a puzzling matter. She plied Joseph with questions as she hurried along, he only half comprehending what she had in mind.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

Dorothy burst so suddenly into the house that her mother looked up reprovingly. "Thou art too vehement, daughter," she said.

"Ah, but mother, something so strange has happened. Where is the ring belonging to my father? Didst thou bring it with thee from England?"

"I did. But why dost thou ask?"

"Because, oh mother!" and Dorothy poured forth her story, Mrs. Taylor becoming more and more interested.

"This is certainly a surprising story," she said, "but I think thou art perhaps over-confident, Dorothy. I will get the ring." And she presently brought it forth from one of her chests.

"'Tis the very same," emphatically declared

Dorothy. "The motto I cannot quite remember, although I am quite sure 'tis the same as this. What does it mean, mother?"

"It means, To-day be mine; to-morrow, thine."

"And the head?"

"It is said to be a presentment of one of the progenitors of the James family, and was carved on the original ring by an Italian artist. This ring descended to the eldest one in the family for many generations, and finally in thy father's branch of the family it became a custom to give such a ring to each one as he came of age. The motto is one chosen by the original giver, and intends to suggest: My heirship exists to-day, thine may come to-morrow. But these are only worldly matters, and, save in such a case as this, of little importance."

"But," said Dorothy triumphantly, "they are of use, as we have just proved. Mother, do you not believe the ring Wesakhona showed me belonged to my father's brother?"

"It seems possible."

"And the name Jacobus?"

"Yes, otherwise it were a strange coincidence."

"And wilt thou write to John Winterthorn and ask him more about it?"

"I will do so. But, Dorothy, dost thou realize that this will mean that Joseph is the heir and that Jasper will be no longer so?"

"Oh, mother, I never thought of that!"

"Well, my dear, I will consult thy father."

Dorothy bit her lip. She did not like the title given to Benjamin Taylor.

"And," continued her mother, "we will take the ring and compare it with the one Wesakhona has."

"Joseph, thou has not forgotten thy father?" said Dorothy, turning to the lad who stood by. "And, oh, I never thought. Why, Jon Jonson knew him well! Perhaps he can tell us more of him than any other."

"Then Benjamin shall see him also. I am desirous of sifting the matter in order to discover the exact truth, for that is a duty. It is evident, Dorothy, that thou hast stumbled upon a strange, romantic story. I think 'twould be best to say nothing of it tc Jasper until we have learned the whole truth. Thou wilt not speak of it, Joseph?"

"I don't want spik at all to him," returned Joseph, with a touch of defiance. And he left them after a curt farewell. He was disturbed at these discoveries.

"Oh, mother, I did not tell thee; Joseph and Jasper have quarreled," Dorothy informed her mother, after Joseph had left them.

"Oh, my child, that is an evil thing to hear. I am surprised that Jasper should seek to disturb the peace of our settlement."

"But, you see, he thought Joseph but a clod-hopper."

"Ah, he has yet to learn that he should be no respecter of persons. Should this prove true 'twill go hard with Jasper. He has taken pride in his inheritance, and I doubt not 'twill make him very sore, and especially now that he has despised Joseph, 'twill be a humiliating circumstance."

That very evening Jasper made his appearance. "I've come over to confess," he told Dorothy. "I acted very badly, Dolly, but I didn't understand these questions of equality, on which you all live over here, and I did not mean to do any one a wrong, but only to teach presumption a lesson."

"Ah, but Jasper, thou wert too hasty. Joseph is the son of a great chief and has great pride in it."

"I know that; but a painted savage didn't seem at all akin to gentle folk, Dolly."

"But he wasn't an Indian; he was a white man and may have come of as gentle folk as ourselves, Jasper."

"I can scarce believe that, Dolly," laughed Jasper; "anyhow, I am sorry that I was such an overbearing beast, and I have been to Joseph and have made my apologies."

"Oh, I am very glad. And did he accept them?"

"He is quite a proud fellow, but, at last, he did accept my overtures as a prince might, and I think better of him for the manner of his acceptance, and his taking up my offence in lordly part. But, tell me, Dolly, are you minded to return to dear old Humphrey's Hall, and leave this green raw country where savages are called gentles and gentles savages, for the last you have named me?"

"Ah, Jasper, my mother is too dear for me to leave."

"But for a little space, Dolly, and when she is settled in her new home, and the city of Philadelphia has shown her its brotherly love I will take you back, if you say so. There are good people about to return. I know of a kindly woman who will share with me the task of overlooking you, since I know your mother

would wish you to be thus had in charge. Do go for a short space, Dolly, dear."

"But dost thou return so soon?"

"I had thought to within a fortnight."

"Then I will tell thee within that time," replied Dorothy, thoughtfully. She was considering what effect this strange new discovery would have upon Jasper, should her conjecture prove true.

"Hast heard from home?" she asked, after a moment.

"Yes; my mother wrote that she and your uncle had been to Stafford to see after the old place there. Dost remember it, Dolly? With its queer old, grey, tumble-down house and the big garden? Your uncle says 'twill be mine some day, that as well as Humphrey's Hall, and he, laughing, told me that since he had taken a new lease on life I might dwell there many years before I should come to master it at Humphrey's Hall."

Dorothy felt very uncomfortable. Jasper was so confident, and she wished he would set less mind upon this heritage. "But if thou hadst neither place, thou wouldst still not be a beggar, Jasper?" she said.

"No; but I should be pretty poorly off.

The little my father left me might buy a strip of land along your Delaware, but little else. However, I shall be quite rich enough to laugh at such a notion, and to scorn to take your portion, Dolly, dear."

"But thou dost think this a fine country?"

"Aye, fine for hunting and adventure; for sport, but scarce fine for an Englishman to exchange for his manor hall."

Dorothy sighed. This all made her feel very sorely, and at last she changed the subject.

The next day Benjamin Taylor took the ring with him to compare with that of old Wesakhona's, and reported that Dorothy was right; they were exactly alike except that the one which had belonged to Dorothy's father bore the initials "M. J." and the date "1663."

That same evening came honest Jon Jonson, at Benjamin Taylor's request, and Dorothy was an interested listener to his broken English. But he could not tell the full name, the English name of his old friend, Joseph's father. He had called him Tepasekant, and later Jacobus, he told them. It was quite true that he had been Christianized, and had been baptized, he believed, under another than his Indian name.

"Then," interposed Mrs. Taylor, "would not the pastor know? Has he no record of it? That would prove it."

"Thou hast made a very good suggestion, Hester," remarked Benjamin. "To-morrow I will see Jacobus Fabritius, and he may, perchance, have some record of it."

This was done, but the blind old pastor did not at first remember that special circumstance, but he did bring out all his records, and in one old book was found this note: "To-day I baptized an Indian chief known as Tapasekant, but he is called in English Ilari James." This was translated by Andras Bengsen for Benjamin Taylor, as it was written in Dutch, which the former understood. Then said Pastor Fabritius:

"I remember the circumstance now. The man was a white man. He said he had never been baptized. His father's name was Yames. He had not forgotten his own boyhood's name, it was the same as his father's, Ilari. I entered him, therefore, as Ilari Yames, which the Swedes call Jacobus, and his son, when he was brought to me to be baptized, was called Joseph Jacobson. So do names become changed in new countries."

All this was carefully written down by Ben-

jamin Taylor, and the paper which he brought home corroborated the suspicions of them all. Ilari was Hilary, Jacobus was James. There was no longer any doubt.

"And Joseph is my cousin," Dorothy said to Jon Jonson, who accompanied her step-father; "and he is heir to a good estate."

The Swede smiled broadly. It was such an unexpected thing, and he was almost as fond of Joseph as of one of his own children.

"The lad must be told," said Benjamin Taylor, who, strict Quaker that he was, did not undervalue worldly riches.

"And who will tell Jasper?" cried Dorothy. "Oh, I am so sorry for him."

"Shall he be told before he returns, Benjamin?" asked Mrs. Taylor. "Do you think 'twould be best for him to learn it now? All this will have to be written to Humphrey, and after all, he may have many years yet to live, and, perhaps, even outlive both these lads."

"The truth is always best, Hester," replied her husband, "but there is weight in what thou sayest, and perhaps 'twere as well to wait a while yet till we hear from the present proprietor of the estate."

Dorothy was much relieved at this decision,

but her sympathies were now on Jasper's side. He had honorably re-instated himself in her good opinion by his manly apology to Joseph, and he was so generous and open-hearted. It just occurred to her what his trip to America really meant; why he had taken it for her! for her! He had been so generous as to refuse to accept a legacy which she had lost by following her mother. He had made this long journey for the sake of persuading her to take what he might otherwise have had for his own, and suddenly he became a hero in her eyes. A noble-hearted, gallant, young knight he seemed when next she saw him, and she longed to invent some way to avoid the approaching crisis.

Mrs. Taylor wrote to both Squire James and John Winterthorn long explanatory letters, and now they were awaiting replies, which should bring them added proof. Meantime Jasper made his plans to return.

It was, however, not in a fortnight that he was to go, for a circumstance took place which not only prevented this, but cemented the interrupted friendship, which had begun between the two boys.

The English lad threw himself into a hunter's pursuits with great heartiness, and

made many a trip to the forest with Joseph, or, if he were not available, would go alone, often bringing home a goodly store of game, the greater part of which found its way into Dame Taylor's larder.

Jasper was brave and venturesome, but one day he counted too securely upon his powers; for, being out alone, he wounded a large buck, and, supposing he had killed the creature, he made too near an approach, to find the stunned animal reviving and ready to make an onslaught upon the young hunter. The huge antlers were dangerous enough at close range, and Jasper was obliged to fight for his life. He had fired his last shot, and had but his knife with which to defend himself.

It was a sharp tussle, and he was getting the worst of it—wounded, bleeding and staggering, making futile efforts to strike a vital part of the deer before the enraged creature should get him under foot; for, delicate as the dainty hoofs were, they held the power to stamp out the boy's life. As a last hope he gave a loud cry for aid, breathlessly gasping "Help! help!" The shout rang through the silent woods.

There was a snapping of twigs, a crackling of

bushes, then an unerring arrow sang through the air, and the noble buck, after one spring, fell lifeless on the ground beside the boy, who, well-nigh exhausted, lay pale and bleeding.

He was aroused by the touch of a gentle hand; by the forcing of spirits between his clenched teeth, and, opening his eyes, he saw the dark face of Joseph bending over him.

"Dat vas a badt sitivation," said the Swede's boy, gravely. "Are you feel somet'ing bedter?"

Jasper replied faintly, and Joseph at last managed to staunch the blood and bind up his wounds.

Jasper felt very helpless, and when he realized his condition he was quite humiliated. He had been so confident in his own prowess, and the other boy saw him worsted. But Joseph's sure aim had saved his life, and Jasper was ready to acknowledge it.

"Except for you I should have been overcome," he whispered. "I should have taken your advice, Joseph, and not come out alone. I was too sure of myself. I did not believe the buck could turn on me. I thought I had killed him, and to my sorrow found he was but stunned."

"He is fine, fat buck," replied Joseph, ignoring the first part of Jasper's speech. "I get you to some place, and den I kom back for buck."

He got Jasper to his feet, but the lad was too faint to walk, aside from the fact that his wounds broke out afresh at every effort he made. "I carry you." Joseph decided calmly. "I haf carry more heavier somet'ings dan an Englishman." And he laughed. The lighting up of his grave face was always good to see. "I am dake you to my grandmudder," he continued. "She is not farder away."

Jasper, growing more faint, could make no protest, but allowed himself to be lifted to Joseph's back, and through the woods they went. It was a heavy burden for the boy of seventeen, but he bravely fitted his shoulders to it, and although he panted under the weight, and at last staggered, he finally managed to reach the log house where dwelt old Wesakhona, and, drawing sharp, quick breaths, he paused before it; then, with a long sigh, shifted the heavy body to the ground and found that Jasper had fainted dead away. When the injured lad came to his senses he found he was lying on a bed of skins in a room where a fire blazing

merrily showed primitive simplicity of furnishing. Over him was bending an old Indian woman, whose ministrations soon made him feel more comfortable, and whose potions, before long, caused him to fall into a deep slumber, from which he awakened to find Joseph sitting by his side. From this time out the invalid could not bear his rescuer out of his sight, and Joseph, in turn, devoted himself diligently to the English boy.

Meanwhile the vessel, on which Jasper expected to return, set sail, and he was obliged to lengthen his stay whether he would or not. And as soon as he was well enough he returned to Jon Jonson's, where was waited upon and looked after with every care.

"Oh, I am very glad," said Dorothy, when her cousin told her the ship had sailed without him.

"Now, Dorothy," returned he, "that is unkind, you are glad I am hurt?"

"Nay, I said not that. I am greatly grieved at such mishap, but I am glad thou wilt be with us yet longer."

"But, an if thou shouldst have gone, too?"

"Ah, Jasper, that would be a sorry decree for me to make. I fear I should never pluck

up courage to leave my mother. I am glad thou hast seen us in our new home. Yet I fear thou hast had enough of hunting and will find naught to amuse thee."

"Shall I not? There is more than following the chase to interest me. I shall be glad to see the spring open."

"Yes, it is a fair season here, they say. Tina tells me the peach orchards alone are a sight worth seeing. Already thou hast tasted the delicious fresh shad. Is it not a fine dish? That which we have had during the winter is smoked, but I like the fresh fish better."

"And I, too. In sooth, 'tis not the food in this new country we need to quarrel with."

"What then?"

"I scarce know how to say what it is affects me. 'Tis, I think, the rawness of it. I long for the old houses; the fine estates; the grand old castles and cathedrals; the pictures and what not."

"Ah, wait till thou seest the Proprietary's fine new dwelling, and they say we shall have many ere long in and around Philadelphia. I think, in time, 'twill be a fair place to live, and city ways will not be hard to maintain. I wish thou wert going to be here to see us in the

new house, but 'tis good to have had thee here."

This was Jasper's first outing since his hurt. He had managed to mount a gentle pony, and, with Joseph, had ridden as far as Benjamin Taylor's. Now the boy and his cousin were sitting in the big living room together.

Ere long they heard the measured steps of Benjamin outside the door. He carried letters in his hand and brought news of the arrival of a ship from England. A glad look came into Jasper's eyes, but Dorothy shrank away. She knew what the news must mean for him.

"Where is thy mother, Dorothy?" asked her step-father.

"She has gone to the stable with Joseph. He brought her some eggs, which they are setting under one of the hens."

"Joseph is here then; that is well."

Dorothy looked up deprecatingly. She knew the moment had come when Jasper must be told of his disinheritance. How would it affect him? And how would he now feel toward Joseph, who had grown so near to him in these weeks past, so near that they seemed almost like brothers?

CHAPTER XV

SECOND FIDDLE

Dorothy started nervously when she heard the voices of her mother and Joseph coming nearer. Jasper had not begun to read his letters ; he had only opened them and glanced at the signatures.

"Perhaps thou hadst better wait a moment, Jasper," Benjamin Taylor said, gently. "Hester and I have somewhat to say to thee."

The lad looked up in surprise, but made no objection and courteously assented. "As you wish, sir. I am at your service."

"Hester," her husband addressed her as she entered. "I have here a letter from Humphrey James." He opened it and spread it out upon his knee. "I think there is one from his wife, and also one from John Winterthorn for thee, so says Humphrey James. Sit thee

down, Joseph ; this concerns thee, too. Thou knowest we have been for some time endeavoring to discover thy rightful name. Jasper, Joseph is named Joseph James. He is thy near kin ; thine and Dorothy's."

Jasper looked up in amazement. "What, sir!" he exclaimed, "how comes it about! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"It came about through the strange discovery of a ring, and through thy Cousin Dorothy's wit, when the old pastor spoke to her, by chance, of her name being the same. James is the English for Jacob or Jacobus, and Jacobson is the Swedes' way of rendering the lad's name. Joseph's father being Jacobus, he became Jacob's son, as Dorothy happened to puzzle it out."

"Ah, my coz, I owe this new relative to you. I thank you heartily," said Jasper. "I should not at first, I am ashamed to confess, have felt so about it ; but," and he held out his hand to his new cousin, "I want no better friend or cousin than Joseph. Is it not so, my dear fellow ?"

Joseph's rare smile lighted up his face, but Dorothy looked distressed, and had nothing to say.

Her step-father cleared his throat and glanced helplessly at his wife. Then he straightened himself up and began in a loud, decided tone: "And now, Jasper, thou must, perforce prepare thyself for the unpleasant part of this. Joseph is thy Cousin Humphrey James's own grandnephew, his brother's grandson."

Jasper looked puzzled. "I'm all at sea, sir. I thought I knew the family history pretty well. May I ask who was Joseph's father?"

"Hilary James, whose father was also Hilary James, and was Humphrey James's brother,"

As Jasper began to take in the situation the color came suddenly to his cheek, and then faded away, leaving him quite pale. "Then—then—he is the heir to the estate Humphrey's Hall," he said, slowly; "and I—oh, Dolly!" he stretched out his hands to her, and she flew to him, kneeling down by his side and taking one of his hands in hers, saying:

"Oh, Jasper! oh, Jasper! I knew it would strike thee sorely. Ah, my poor Jasper, I am so grieved for thee!"

"I dondt understandt," spoke up Joseph.

Slowly and carefully Benjamin Taylor went over the details. He read John Winterthorn's

letter, which named one William Osborne as the neighbor from whom he had heard of Hilary James' death. His facts corresponded with those of Wesakhona. Next, the Squire's letter was read; he acknowledged the rightful claimant to the estate; he wished him to proceed immediately to England to be educated as befitted his station; he would receive him as became his brother's grandson. "Say to our Cousin Jasper that although he may not inherit the estates, that if he follow out his intentions as declared to me before his leaving home, that he shall yet enjoy such as I am free to give," he wrote.

Jasper's hand closed closely around Dorothy's, but he said nothing, and Benjamin read on. "There is a certain amount due to the heir coming from his grandfather's inheritance, this outside the entailed estate. 'Tis not a large amount, some thousand pounds or so, but he may like to know of it."

All this was explained carefully to Joseph, who was quick to understand. He sat silently looking into the fire, while Jasper, one hand holding Dorothy's and the other supporting his head, also gazed into the glowing fireplace. A silence fell upon them all. Jasper's letters lay

unheeded. Mrs. Taylor was busy examining her own packets.

At last Joseph arose and went over to Jasper, laying his hand on his shoulder. "I am not dake them," he said. "My grandfader's money, yes; de oder, de lan', no, I will not. I wish not go away. I am American. I sday hereby wit Yon Yonson. I am not go to a sdrange countries what is not know me an' my vays. I am puy me some lan', and I am sday here foreffer. I am your gousin ; for dat I am gladt. I am de gousin of Dorotie ; for dat I am gladt, but I go not avay. No, no, I am—what is it you say ? I am gif oop. I am renounze all de lan'. Dere is blenty here dat I lige petter ; de lan' of my forefader's. I am brudder to de redt man and de vite, I cannot gif oop one for de oder. I sday py both."

"When thou art of age, 'twill be different, perhaps," suggested Benjamin Taylor.

"No, no, I am alway de zame. I can spik de Inyan, de Swedish, de Inglis. I am learn all I wish here. I love all here, no one before de oder, so I sday, alway, alway !"

"It is like thee, Joseph. Thou wert always loyal and true and generous," said Dorothy, in a low tone.

Jasper roused himself. "I have always said I would never play second fiddle," he remarked, with a little smile. "Yet now I must; but, Joseph, I will not accept the lands. However, there is time enough yet before you come of age. Meantime we are friends and cousins, and my friend and kinsman, I thank you for your generosity in wanting me to have the lands. I appreciate it. After all, it depends upon the Squire's lease of life. You have a little slice of your own, for which I am glad. Shake hands, my dear fellow. There, I congratulate you," and Jasper gave a toss of his bonny head, and looked with an honest, friendly eye into Joseph's, while their hands met in a hard grip.

"That is right," said Benjamin Taylor, with an approving nod. "Peace, peace at all hazards. Thou hast both acted like Christian gentlemen, and I am glad to have witnessed so lovely and tender a spirit. Thou hast not read thy letters, Dorothy," he turned to her to say.

"Here is one for thee, Joseph, from thy Uncle Humphrey," said Mrs. Taylor. Every one smiled. It seemed so strange to name the Squire to him.

Dorothy thought of Joseph at Humphrey's Hall. How queer it would be! She was pleased

enough that he had decided to give it up, and hoped he would not alter his decision.

"Here, Dolly, see what my mother says," Jasper drew her attention by saying, and Dorothy took the letter he held out to her.

"Oh, my dear boy," she read. "What a great blow is this! I am stopped short in my happiness. Such a catastrophe! Alas! that I should have brought it about by sending Dorothy to her mother! If I had only waited and allowed events to take their own course all this might never have happened. So, by your mother's hand you are made to suffer. Forgive me, my dear son, I cannot forgive myself, and when I contemplate the future, when a half savage shall reign over Humphrey's Hall, I feel I am punished desperately for every sin I ever committed."

"Poor mother," said Jasper, "I must hasten back to comfort her. 'Tis a sad blow to her, I doubt not."

"Ah, Jasper, must thou then go soon?"

"I think so, dear coz, and before then we must have one of our old talks. I am scarce fit as yet for travel, but I think I shall be in the course of a week. When shall you be over to see Tina? I shall see you then, Dolly, shall I not?"

"Yes, I will come as soon as I can; with two cousins living at the Jonsons, I am not now forbidden to go there, and am sure of soon making a visit. But, Jasper, even if thou lose thy estate, thou wilt still have something, wilt thou not? What did my uncle's message mean but that? Wilt thou not inherit Gray Towers and other of his personal estate?"

"That depends," replied Jasper, smiling down on her.

"On what?"

"I will tell you when I see you at the Swede's. Good-bye, Dolly, Cousin Joseph is waiting for me," he smiled a little wistfully; "come soon."

"I will," she returned, and with a thankful heart she saw the two lads ride off together, for now the dread disclosure had been made, and all had turned out so much better than she had hoped.

She paid her promised visit to Tina in a few days, and although she and Jasper had their long talk, the presence of Tina and Joseph prevented the boy from saying all that he had intended. He was fast recovering his usual strength, and expected to sail for home within the next week.

It was two or three days later that he appeared to make his farewells, and since the small log dwelling was not so inviting as the outside world which the spring weather was daily making more attractive, the boy and girl wandered forth into the blossom-smelling country.

"Is not the spring most lovely here?" said Dorothy, stopping to view orchards all a-bloom.

"It is, yet I shall be glad to see our own hedge rows again."

"There are rare pretty flowers here. I never saw such. I will show thee where I discovered some but yesterday, of a size and color finer than thou canst believe."

"And what have you been doing besides gathering flowers since I saw you, Dolly?"

"On First day we went to meeting, and I saw the Proprietary there, and many good Friends. It was a good meeting."

"And were you much edified, my fair cousin? Of what did you think during the silent moments?"

Dorothy blushed. "I cannot tell thee, Jasper. I tried to think of holy things."

"And did not succeed, eh? There, Dolly dear, I will not tease, for this is our farewell, and I have much to say to you, since you will

not go back to England where I could have bided my time and have said it better."

"If we go further we shall get in swampy ground. Let us sit here, Jasper, on this fallen log. Is it not a peaceful spot? Ah, 'twill be many a day before we two look upon these scenes again, I fear."

"Perhaps not, my Dolly, dear, for do you know what it is I have to say to you? Look at me, my coz. Dost love me, Dolly?"

"Ah, Jasper, thou knowest I love thee right well. Hast thou not been always my dear and near cousin?"

"Ah, but I would be more, some day. Dolly, I did say to your uncle that one day I would marry you if you would take me for a husband, and he was greatly pleased, and 'twas then he bade me come and bear you his love and greeting and his wishes to see you."

"Ah, Jasper," Dorothy faltered, "I am but a little maid. I have never thought of such things."

"But you will some day, Dolly. My mother was not a year older than you when she married."

"Thy mother!"

"Yes, she was but sixteen when she married

my father, who was but twenty-one. In two years I shall be as old as he, and you a year older than my mother was. Ah, dear, do not look scared, nor as if you would run away."

"But, Jasper, if my mother had known of these speeches of thine she had not allowed me to come with thee."

"Not with me, with whom you have walked and played and romped for days at a time ever since we were babies? Dolly, I will come back for you when I am twenty-one, 'twill be about two years from now."

"Oh, Jasper!" Dorothy looked down and twisted the long stem of a flower around her finger in her embarrassment.

"You do love me. Say you do," he persisted.

"I do love thee; but that way—I don't know. How can I tell?"

"You love no one better?"

"Oh, no, no."

"And you will not let Joseph marry you before I get back?"

"Oh, Jasper, never. I could not."

"Ah, then!" he cried, exultantly, "you do know that you could not marry Joseph, but you do not say you will not marry me. Say again, Dolly, you love me best."

Dolly looked down and twisted the long stem of a flower around her finger—Page 242

"I do! I do!"

"Better than anyone?"

"Than my mother? I cannot say that."

"Well, I will not urge it. I shall be satisfied with your promise to marry no one, to give your word to no one till you see me again. Say this: 'I will wait for thee, Jasper.' Say it, Dolly."

"I will wait for thee, Jasper," repeated the little maid, softly, rising to her feet.

"Ah, my sweeting. I know now you will, for the Quakers speak the truth, and you say you are a little Quaker."

He took her face between his hands and looked at her long and tenderly, till the blue eyes fell before his gaze. She felt suddenly conscious and afraid; she, who had ever been unrestrained and free in his presence. She had forgotten that womanhood was so near, and Jasper, in this new light, became suddenly lifted into a world of thought hitherto unexplored. He seemed surrounded by a veil of mystery to her. Yet, as they walked along hand in hand, saying little, the boy dreaded the moment of parting more keenly than the girl, for he had kept this moment in mind for more than one year.

"Dolly," he said, after a silence interrupted only by the singing of the birds in the trees above them, "that was why I was so wroth with Joseph."

"Why, Jasper?"

"Because I was jealous."

"Oh!" Dorothy's face dimpled and she laughed outright.

"Is it so funny?"

"Oh, it is. I cannot imagine such a thing. He is our cousin, Jasper, and I am fond of him. Think, he is the only relative, besides my mother, that I shall have here when thou art gone."

"Yes, I know, and I am proud of him. Sometimes I wish, after all, that he would go to England and live at Humphrey's Hall, while we could live at Gray Towers. 'Twas there the Squire said we should live when we were married."

Dorothy shrank away a little. "Oh, Jasper, I forgot," she faltered.

"What, Dolly?"

"That if—that this means I should have to go to England to live."

"Where else, sweetheart?"

"I had not thought where. Ah, Jasper, it surely divides one's heart."

"Ah, well, Dolly dearest, let it not trouble

you now. Only keep your word to me, and we shall see. Who knows what may happen when Joseph comes of age? I may yet plant my fortunes in this new country."

"Oh, Jasper." Dorothy drew closer.

"That pleases you? Well, Dolly, we cannot tell. Only be true to me and let time settle the rest. We are nearly at the end of our walk. I will not go in, for I have made my adieux to your mother and Mr. Taylor. I join the ship at New Castle this evening, and I must hasten to get there. Once more swear that you will wait for me."

"Nay, I cannot swear."

"Oh, I forgot. Then promise solemnly, sweetheart; promise nothing, no one, shall keep you from me—you will be true."

"I promise."

The boy bent over and kissed her pure white forehead. "Now, farewell, dear heart," he murmured. And with something very like tears in his eyes he turned away, and Dorothy watched him disappear down the path. At the edge of the wood he turned and waved his hand, and Dorothy gave an answering signal.

"Ah, me," she sighed, "'twas easy to promise."

CHAPTER XVI

A SOBER SUITOR

It was two years since Hester Taylor had fled from her English home, and, now, with new surroundings and new associations, it seemed hard to believe that she had ever been other than a demure Quakeress in a community of Friends. The memory of her life in England became more and more dim, and all her interests were centered in this new existence. Her garb grew plainer and plainer; her likes and dislikes were those approved by her strong, decided husband, and her opinions were largely those which he maintained. Therefore, Dorothy missed the mother who, in years gone by, was wont to be often merry, always tender, and never opposed to the innocent pursuits and pleasures of her little girl. So strict a code of morals was laid down for Dorothy that she felt crushed and repressed at every turn.

This was, doubtless, one reason why her thoughts turned more and more toward Jasper, whom she missed greatly. The remembrance of that last walk became increasingly precious. At first she was bewildered, and but half comprehended all that it involved. She was only a little girl, but in those days girls matured early, and frequently married at an age that would now be considered far too young. And by the end of the year, which marked her sixteenth birthday, she had come to look forward with happiness to the time when Jasper should return for her.

This was the first secret Dorothy had ever kept from her mother. She meant to tell her —of course, she did—but day after day she shrank from it, as her mother invited less confidence. She was lonelier than she remembered being since that week after her mother had sailed for America, for she was seldom allowed to visit Tina, and Jasper's rather infrequent letters were her greatest solace.

Joseph refused flatly to go to his uncle, and in time the Squire ceased to urge it. Thus the days and weeks went on quietly, with no unusual event to ruffle the quiet routine. First-day meetings; monthly and

quarterly meetings made up the principal sum of excitement. The incidents brought to light by the strict observance of discipline, caused many little scandals to be aired and discussed, and there were controversies and janglings even that soon. The church party was early an antagonistic element, which the Quakers steadily opposed, and later caused, through George Keith, a large disaffection in the ranks of the Quakers.

There were constantly new arrivals to the colony. One of the more important settlements being made by the Menonites, who planted themselves at Germantown, their belief being so nearly like that of the Quakers that the two sects fraternized at once.

All these things Dorothy heard discussed, and began to feel the claims of an old resident.

Yet, peaceful and prosperous as the Quakers were, compared to other colonies, and free as they were in their new home, in New England and other places they were still persecuted and ostracized, and many of the newcomers were those who had escaped from hard usage to enjoy the great advantages which Pennsylvania offered to the oppressed.

Benjamin Taylor had given up his farm near

Upland, and Dorothy had seldom an opportunity of visiting her old friends; instead she was bidden to seek the society of those of her own community.

"My niece and her friends are surely better companions for thee than the Swede's girl," said Benjamin Taylor, in the superior way which Dorothy disliked.

This niece and her half-sister were the primmest sort of little Quakeresses. They were both older than Dorothy, and lived very near, with Jane Satterthwaite, who was Benjamin Taylor's sister, and whom Dorothy was bidden to call Aunt Jane. The girl hated to see Jane's buxom figure looming up in the distance, for it meant a cross-questioning, a lecture, or a complacent recital of her own home affairs in which comparisons were made decidedly odious, for Mistress Jane was much like her brother, and felt it her constant duty to "deal" with Dorothy.

"Thou wert not at meeting on Third day, Dorothy," she began one morning, having come in early, "to ferret," Dorothy told herself.

"No, my mother was not well, and I was needed at home."

"Thy mother spoils thee; where is she?"

"She is lying down."

"At this hour?"

Dorothy bit her lips. "She is not well; she had a bad night."

"She encourages herself too greatly in yielding to her ailments," said Jane, with the scorn of one who did not know what it was to be ill.

"She has a right to yield to an illness. It is a free country," answered the girl, shortly.

"Thy tone is offensive, Dorothy. My girls do not speak to me in such manner. Where is thy father?"

"In heaven, I hope."

"Dorothy! thou art truly in need of discipline. I must speak to thy father that he teach thee to curb thy speech."

"I would he were here to teach me anything," returned the girl, defiantly. "My father is Marmaduke James and no other."

"Thou art very ungrateful, and of a bad and rebellious nature. I had meant to ask thee to come to tea with us this evening; thy father wishes thee to associate freely with my daughters." Dorothy was silent, and the woman watched her. "After all," she continued, "thou wouldst better come, for Hannah

and Judith may be able to set thee an example of meekness and humility. Although Hannah is not my own daughter, she yields me a gentle obedience thou wouldst do well to imitate. Tell thy mother I came over. Hast thou heard from thy kin in England lately?"

"No," returned Dorothy, again shortly.

"That tone again. Thou art sadly in need of discipline," and Jane Satterthwaite marched out, leaving Dorothy hot and rebellious.

"Meek! I should think they were meek. I'm tired of hearing about meekness and humil ity; my uncle used to say he liked a girl with spirit, but here one hears nothing but 'turn the other cheek.' I wonder that I ever wanted to be a Quaker. I dare not call my soul my own." Thus Dorothy soliloquized.

Nevertheless, she did go to see the Satterthwaite girls that evening. Demure maidens they were, soft-voiced and gentle. Judith, once in a while, showed a snap of mischief, but Hannah's dove-like eyes never wore any but an expression of gentleness. The latter did not approve of Dorothy; she was several years her elder, and was Jane Satterthwaite's step-daughter, for which reasons Dorothy felt less called upon to be intimate with her.

"I do not see how thou canst call thyself a Friend," she said, as Dorothy gave vent to some expression of discontent.

Dorothy was about to give a hasty reply, but she refrained and only drew a long sigh. She was not very well satisfied with herself, and knew that she was developing, under a regime of stern criticism, a spirit, very unlike that which she had tried to cultivate.

"Never mind, Dorothy," said Judith. "One cannot always be as meek as Moses, when it is in her to be the opposite. Dost know we expect a visitor this evening, and we are quite exercised over it?"

"Who is it?" asked Dorothy, quite interested.

"A young man who has just came through many trials in New England. He was twice tied to the tail of a cart and whipped out of town, and he has had various indignities put upon him because he would maintain the truth, and my mother is most eager to receive him. His name is Silas Price."

Dorothy professed herself quite anxious likewise, to see this hero who had stood up so steadfastly for the truth, and she was so ready to denounce the Puritans that Judith declared

she must be a Quaker after all, even if she did not possess a meek spirit.

However, when the guest arrived and Dorothy saw a lean, lank, young man with straight sandy hair, sharp grey, blinking eyes, set close together in a cadaverous visage, a high nasal voice, and an awkward carriage, she was not prepossessed, and when she discovered that his ears had been cropped straight across, she shrank from him, so unpleasantly did this mutilation affect her. The other two girls, nevertheless, were assiduous in their attentions, taking their cue from their mother, who lionized her guest quite as much as was compatible with Quaker custom.

Despite the fact of her keeping in the background, to Dorothy's chagrin, after supper was over, and she made ready to depart, the young man arose and said, "I am minded to see thee home, Dorothy James."

"'Tis not necessary," she hastened to say; "I have but a short walk, and 'tis not yet dark."

"Nay, but I have said I would go," he replied, mildly; and Dorothy knew there was no escape.

Judith's eyes were full of merriment, but

Hannah looked very grave, and bade Dorothy farewell with even more formality than usual.

Philadelphia was fast becoming a city. Already over a hundred houses had been erected beyond the tall bluff fronting the Delaware—now graded down to the water's edge. The houses were surrounded with fair, pleasant grounds, and as each new home was added to the number already occupied, the place assumed a busier look.

"Thou wilt have a city here before many months," remarked Silas, as he and Dorothy proceeded along their way.

"Shall we not?" replied she, with some pride. "And we are soon to have a new meeting-house, though at some distance away. Hast thou traveled much over the city's grounds, Silas Price?"

"Nay, not far. I started to-day to go so far as the Schuylkill, but I feared to lose myself in the forest, and turned back. 'Tis a goodly country thy Governor hath found, and more salubrious than New England."

"And not so harsh in many directions," returned Dorothy.

"Thou art right. It is a most tender and

loving community, and seems to me, oppressed, like a living spring in a thirsty land."

"And dost thou intend to dwell here?"

"I am much moved toward it, but I cannot tell; it may be that I shall feel a call to go elsewhere to bear witness to the truth. Thy father is Benjamin Taylor, is he not? The brother of Jane Satterthwaite?"

"My step-father is Benjamin Taylor," answered Dorothy.

The young man gave her a swift, side-long glance, but made no comment.

It was growing dusk, and, as they walked along the street—which was nothing more than a country road—sweet breaths of spring met their nostrils. The distance between houses was great; for, as yet, they were scattered, and ample grounds stretched between. It was very quiet, and somewhat lonely in places, where bushes and underbrush stretched alongside, and trees darkened the way. Presently from out of the copse sprung a man, who caught Silas by the shoulder. Dorothy gave a little suppressed scream, but Silas said quietly: "Friend, what wouldst thou?"

The man lessened his grasp, and drew back, muttering, "It's you is, it?"

Silas followed him up, repeating, "What wouldst thou, friend?" at the same time taking a handful of coins from his pocket, he offered them, saying, "Is it money thou wouldst have of me?"

"No," the man said, surlily.

Silas slipped off his coat and held it out, "Is it raiment thou dost wish?"

"No, I want nothing," growled the man. "I didn't know it was you. I want nothing from you."

Silas put on his coat again, and stood regarding the man. "Ah, I seem to know thee," he said, after a few minutes. "'Twas thou who wast most fierce in thy bestowal of stripes a short season since. Thy name is Preserved Tatnall."

"You have kept it in mind, and no wonder," returned the man. "Well, here I am. What are you going to do about it? I suppose it's an eye for an eye?"

"Nay, friend. I have no need of thee. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' I have naught against thee. Go in peace." And turning to Dorothy, he said: "Shall we continue our way?"

The man shrank back into the bushes, and Dorothy, wondering, kept by Silas' side.

"Who was the man, and what did he mean?" she asked. "Surely he was thine enemy."

"Yea, he was and, perchance, is; I was beaten with many stripes in New England, and yon man was the executioner, but thou knowest, Dorothy James, that 'tis the part of a Friend to bear no malice. I know not what the man does here. He mistook me for some other, I opine, and was amazed to see me."

"Thou wert very tender toward him," said Dorothy. And she smiled to think what a fierce conflict there would have been had Jasper occupied a like position.

After this evening there was scarce a day that Silas' spare figure did not appear at Benjamin Taylor's door, finding a ready welcome from all but Dorothy, who, though she knew him to be a most exemplary young man, could not feel at ease in his presence, and never could, in looking at him, lose her horror of his cropped ears. She was, therefore, made very uncomfortable when her mother said to her one day, "Dorothy, I should be greatly pleased to see thee show more favor to Silas Price."

"But why, mother?"

"Because my child, thou wilt soon come to

woman's estate, and a good husband is a desirable thing."

"Oh!" Dorothy cried out, as if hurt.

Her mother looked at her with serious eyes; then she continued. "Thou art young, I know, Dorothy, scarce seventeen yet, and I would not have thee marry at once. Yet before I go hence I should be well content to know thy intentions were toward so godly a man as Silas."

"Oh, mother, mother, do not say so. I cannot; I am promised to—to my Cousin Jasper."

"Dorothy!"

"Oh, mother, I speak truly."

"And I thought thee over young to think of such things. But he is not of thy faith. Thou wouldst not marry out of meeting, Dorothy?"

"Oh, mother, I forgot all that at the time. I have meant many times to tell thee all about it, but of late thou hast seemed so far from me I could not. 'Twas the day that Jasper left us that he drew the promise from me. He said in two years he would come back for me, and I gave my word that I would wait."

"But, Dorothy, how canst thou marry out of meeting?"

"And if I am a Friend, how can I break my word?"

Her mother sighed. "I am deeply grieved, my daughter, for thy father brought me word this morning that Silas Price had told him he was moved to ask thee in marriage."

"But I am not so disposed toward him. I never could give him such love as I do Jasper. I respect him. He is very, very good; but, nay, mother, do not urge it."

"Wouldst thou be turned out of meeting, Dorothy? for that surely wouldst thou be if thou didst marry Jasper."

"Perhaps he would become a Friend if he were dealt with properly. And, mother, it is my uncle's dear desire to see us wed."

"Yes, I doubt it not. When didst thou hear from Jasper?"

"It has been near four long months, and I am sorely distressed at it; but I can trust Jasper, I know I can."

"Alack, my child, he is very young; perchance he has changed his mind ere this. Of so young a lad could nothing less be expected. Give over thinking of him, Dorothy."

"Oh, mother, I cannot."

"Dorothy, dear, not to please me?"

"Oh, mother!" The girl was melted. It had been long since such an appeal had been

made, and her eyes filled with tears. "I would do anything—anything else, but I do love him. I am young, I know, but I think I shall never love elsewhere."

Her mother was silent for a short space, and then she leaned over the girl, who sat at her feet. "My daughter," she said, in a tremulous tone, "thou wilt not have me with thee long."

The girl lifted a startled face, and a look of terror crept into her eyes, as she saw the grave, tender regret in the countenance above her.

"I know it, dear," her mother went on. "I have known for some months that 'twas only a question of time—perhaps a few months—when I must leave thee."

"No! No!" the girl broke out; "I will not, will not believe it."

"Will it be less hard when the time comes to know thou hast given me peace and content?"

"Oh, mother, mother! What wouldst thou have me say?"

"But this: should Jasper not return at the end of the two years, that thou wilt give a favorable ear to Silas. I shall be content with that promise. I shall know thou art in the keeping of a good man."

"And dost thou not believe Jasper to be as good and noble?"

"I have a great affection for Jasper, and were he a Friend, I would not wish better for thee."

"Then, if Jasper returns, and will not turn Friend?"

"Then thou must let thy guardians decide for thee. I exact no conditions beyond that, although it grieves me to think of thy marrying out of meeting, for 'tis thy welfare and happiness I chiefly seek. Another matter, Dorothy. It is like that Benjamin will again marry; men may not yield to their feelings in a country where a woman's help is needed, and if in such a case thou art unhappy, Ruth Taylor will always give thee a refuge until other arrangements can be made for thee. She is my dear friend and sister; I love her well, and to her I would thou shouldst go for advice and comfort, if thou art in straits. Her husband, too, thy father's brother Jacob, is a godly and tender man. I shall not fear if thou hast these two for thy friends and advisers."

"Oh, mother! mother! I cannot bear thy words. I cannot, cannot, have thee leave me."

"Say not so, my child. 'Tis the will of

God, and thou must not rebel. Mayst thou find peace in the thought that all is well with me." She opened her arms and Dorothy buried her face on her shoulder, and sobbed out her great grief there.

CHAPTER XVII

SORROWING

Before the first red tinge had touched the leaves of the maples in the Pennsylvania woods, Dorothy was motherless, and she felt desolate, indeed. In her grief she knew not where to turn, although the gentle, kindly Friends about her did their best to comfort her. But they all bade her be reconciled to her loss, and this, in the depth of her first wild anguish, she felt it impossible to be.

"Thou art unreasonable in thy sorrow," said Aunt Jane. "Thou art not the only one bereft, Dorothy."

"I know, I know," murmured the girl, "but that others suffer makes my trouble none the less, but rather greater."

"Thy duty is to meet this with greater meekness," returned Aunt Jane.

Dorothy sighed. The presence of Jane Satterthwaite was an added misery to her, for Jane and Hannah had taken up their abode with Benjamin in the absence of Thomas Satterthwaite, who had gone on a voyage to the Bermudas. Judith, lately married, had possession of the Satterthwaite house.

"How can I endure it," thought Dorothy, as Jane left her. "It is not enough to share my room with Hannah, who shows disapproval of me in every glance of her eye, but I must be forced to endure the prying curious ways of her mother. Ah, that I could hear from England! Why do they not write? for not a word had come from either Jasper or her uncle in these long months. She looked dreamily out of the window at the falling leaves. In the little orchard the apples were ripening, and in the garden pumpkins turned their yellow sides to the sun. The place had a thrifty, well cared for look, but to-day it seemed the dreariest spot in the world to the motherless girl. "Why did we ever come?" she sighed. "In Humphrey's Hall we might still have been, my mother alive and well, for 'twas the hardships she endured, which sapped her strength, and caused her to be seized by that 'dreadful consumption,' so

said Dr. Thomas Winn. Ah, me, in Humphrey's Hall 'tis very fair to-day! with the sun shining on the old dial, and between the rows of trees along the avenue. I can fancy even now my uncle's stick sounding along the gravel.

"Dorothy," came Hannah's voice at the door, "thy father wishes speech with thee."

The girl arose obediently and went down stairs to where Benjamin Taylor sat. "I have somewhat to say to thee, Dorothy," he remarked, as she entered and stood listlessly near the window. "Thy mother and I have had much concern for thee, and I have here a few written words of hers, of which she wished I should acquaint thee." He sighed, and Dorothy drew nearer to him. He regarded her with moist eyes. "Thy mother is a great loss," he said, tremulously.

Dorothy struck her palms helplessly together. "Who knows so well as I?" she cried.

"And I," he returned. "I am fain to be as a father to thee, Dorothy. Have I ever treated thee ill? I have meant to do my duty by thee."

"Nay, nay, thou hast not been unkind in intention. Thou meanest well, although thou dost sometimes misunderstand," said the girl.

"'Tis not thy fault, but rather mine. I am not like thy family, I well know. Thou canst better understand Hannah and Judith than me, and like them I shall never be. The James's were ever easily stirred."

He nodded, but he murmured, "I have meant to be kind."

She did not reply, and he unfolded the paper in his hand, reading it aloud. It was in substance a repetition of her mother's wishes concerning Silas Price.

"Hast thou aught against the young man?" asked Benjamin.

"Nay, save that I am not moved to give him my best affection. He is most gentle and kind, none have shown me more kindness in my distress, but my promise is Jasper's."

The man looked at her pityingly. "Ah, my daughter, I fear thou art doomed to disappointment in him. He is but light of love, I fear, like the world's people. He was but a boy when this fancy possessed him, and has, no doubt, by this time, sought out some other. Thou canst not depend upon the uncertain words of a lad in his estate of life. Thou hadst best put all, save cousinly regard for him out of thy mind. He has long since forgotten his

boyish fancy, else thou wouldst have heard in this thy hour of trial."

Dorothy leaned against the wall by the fireplace, her sorrowful eyes gazing at the floor. Could it be true? A thousand times no! She would keep faith to the end.

"Thou hast not heard for many months," said Benjamin. "Is it not so?"

"Yes," faltered the girl, "but he will come. I know he will before the end of next spring. I was to look for him at the time of the year's blossoming."

Benjamin shook his head doubtfully. "And if he does not come?"

"Then," said Dorothy, almost in a whisper, "I promised my mother to—to look with favor upon Silas." She turned away her head and the tears dropped slowly upon her clasped hands.

The man arose and came to her side, laying his big hand kindly upon her arm. "Weep not, daughter," he said. "We will bide thy term of waiting. Thou art young yet, and shall not be forced to marry till thou hast proven thyself sure of thy feelings."

Dorothy looked up gratefully, and smiled through her tears, but she said bravely: "I

shall keep my promise to my mother, whatever comes."

Her step-father gave her an approving nod. "Then so will we leave it. If thy Cousin Jasper comes not, Silas shall have leave to win thee. Is it so?"

"Yes."

"And how, if Jasper come, thou wouldst marry out of meeting? I cannot give consent to that."

"Nay, I promised my mother I would not go against the consent of my guardians."

"All is well, then. Thou art a rare dutiful child," and he stooped and kissed her forehead.

At this moment there was a stir outside, and a pleasant, cheery voice was heard to ask, "Where are Benjamin and Dorothy, Hannah?"

"'Tis Aunt Ruth," cried Dorothy, gladly, and she ran to meet the little motherly Quakeress, who entered the room.

"How dost do, Dorothy? Ah, there is Benjamin. I am glad I happened to come at this moment, for I want thy consent, Benjamin, to carrying off Dorothy. Jacob bade me say he would not take nay from thee." She kept Dorothy's hand in a close clasp, as she looked up at her brother-in-law. "Thou wilt let her come, Benjamin?"

"Yea, Ruth, 'twas her mother's wish that she should bide with thee whenever thou and she should so desire, and I think she needs a change. How is Jacob?"

"Well, and as fat as a partridge, I tell him." A little rippling laugh broke from the small woman's lips. "Get thine apparel together, Dorothy, for a good long stay. We'll not send thee back till thou hast more roses in thy cheeks. Run along, and I will wait for thee."

Dorothy hurried upstairs more light of heart than she had been for weeks. Of all the Friends she knew, she cared for none as she did for this Aunt Ruth, her mother's friend and the wife of Jacob Taylor, her step-father's brother. She disliked to call Jane Satterthwaite aunt, but "Aunt Ruth" seemed to come very naturally to her lips. This family of Taylors had remained at their farm near Chester. All the sons were married and lived either in West Jersey, or further up the country, but Jacob and his wife were as hale and hearty as ever, and were not old people. They had a goodly number of well-cultivated acres, a roomy, comfortable house, and were prosperous, kindly and hospitable.

"Dorothy looks thin and pale," said Ruth Taylor, as the girl left the room.

"She grieves sadly for her mother, and, in sooth, the child hath other sorrow. I yearn greatly over her, having no child of mine own. I shall miss her, Ruth, yet it is best she go with thee. Thou art a cheerful person, and she needs such at this time."

"Although," laughed Ruth, "at most times thou dost not quite approve of my readiness to smile. I know that, Benjamin. Well, thou canst not change the note of a robin to that of an owl, and I was ever of a mirthful nature. I can fancy Jane, with her tendency to dealings with human faults, rather a sad presence for poor little Dorothy. Jane is a good woman, but over-ready to pick flaws, and to manage the affairs of others. Thou hadst best look to thy house, Benjamin, or thou wilt find every brick has changed place ere long."

Her brother-in-law smiled. He well knew his sister's proclivities, and was ably armed to defend himself against them.

"Nothing like a change," continued Ruth, taking up the subject again. "Thou hadst best come down to us, too, Benjamin."

"Nay, I have business here. Our city grows

apace, Ruth. Many brave brick dwellings are going up. The German settlement thrives well, the people therein are now manufacturing a very goodly sort of linen."

"We have lost the Proprietary from these parts, yet it is to be hoped he will return to reside here permanently."

"Aye, he went off right unwillingly, but so was he led for the good of the colony, he believed. But here is Dorothy. Art ready, daughter? Tell Jacob at my earliest opportunity I will visit him. How didst come up hither, Ruth?"

"In Isaac Sharpless' boat. He awaits me at Dock Creek."

In the company of good, cheery Ruth Taylor, and out in the soft sunshine, Dorothy felt more hopeful, although the expression of her sad little face went to Aunt Ruth's heart. But she chatted, in her pleasant, soft tones, about all sorts of outside matters, that she might distract the girl from her sad thoughts.

"Thou shouldst see our garden, Dorothy," she said, "and my larder. I have this year preserved more kinds of fruits than ever. And our stock, thou hast no idea how it has increased since thou wert with us last. I saw thy cousin

Joseph, yesterday. He grows a tall, fine lad. I told him I should bring thee back with me, and he promised to soon appear with his greetings. How well he speaks English, with scarce an accent. Is it thy teaching?"

Dorothy smiled. "An odd lad is Joseph. He said he desired to speak English like an Englishman, for he could speak the Indian and the Swedish language so perfectly he would not do less in his English. So now he hardly trips at all. Does it not seem strange, Aunt Ruth, that he is now my only blood relation this side the ocean?"

The plump hand of the little Quakeress was laid upon Dorothy's. "Do not grieve that it is so," she said. "Thou hast here those who love thee well. Jacob and I are ever thy friends, and feel as near to thee as to those of our own blood."

"Ah, Aunt Ruth, surely thou art as dear to me, too, and pleasant it will be indeed to tarry with thee."

Great, hearty Jacob Taylor welcomed them, and Dorothy had scarcely settled herself on the porch before she saw a little Indian pony and rider coming down the road. "Ah, 'tis Joseph," she cried.

"So 'tis," agreed Aunt Ruth. "Then, Dorothy, I'll go in and see to thy supper. Bid Joseph join us at the meal. I have a good maid, but Jacob likes my ways best, and as a good housewife, I like to oversee all things." She stopped to welcome Joseph, then entered the house.

"Ah, Joseph, but I am glad to see thee," was Dorothy's greeting. "How are they all at Jon Jonson's? Why didst thou not bring Tina with thee?"

"She will come to morrow," replied he. "I thought, Dorotie, that to me you would have sometings—I mean some thing—to say. Hast thou heard from England?"

"Nay, and I am sore distressed, Joseph. Come, let us walk down to the garden, and I will tell thee." She drew a long sigh.

"Thou art so sorry, Dorotie?" said Joseph, gently.

"Yes, I have grievous troubles."

"Thy mother—I know."

"Yes, and—Joseph, I have never spoken of this to thee—but I—I promised Jasper I would marry him if he came for me when he was of age, and in all these months not a word have I heard."

"I know, I know; he is told me about. I promise him I am thy brother, and do for you and for him as a brother."

"And thou hast. Did he tell thee?" she added, eagerly. "I am glad for that, because my mother and Benjamin Taylor would have me believe it was not a true saying of his, and that he had purposely left me."

"No, no," Joseph replied, emphatically. "So I do not believe. You will wait. You will not be distrust of him?"

"But this long silence; what means it?"

"I know not, but 'tis not Jasper's fault, of that I am sure."

"How good to hear thee say so, Joseph. It is a great comfort to hear thee say that, but dost thou know I have promised to forget—to think no more of Jasper, if he does not appear in the spring. I gave my word that should he fail me, I would look favorably upon the suit of Silas Price."

Joseph frowned, and shook his head. "Thou wouldst be false to Jasper, and I promised I would guard thee for him."

"What can I do?"

"Believe in him."

"But my word is passed, 'tis now October,

and in six months he should be here. What am I to think?"

"That he is true to thee."

"But how prove it?"

Joseph knit his dark brows in thought, then he spoke. "I find out. I go find him."

"Oh, Joseph!"

He nodded. "Yes, I go to England. I believe no ill of Jasper. I have given him my word, he is given me his. I am swear to him that I protect you, guard you; that I send him word if aught befall you. So, I go. I am going to see your uncle—our uncle—and ask to explain. I bring Jasper back if he is alive. Yes, I go before it is time for his return. I have moneys saved. Besides," as he saw protest on Dorothy's face, "besides, Dorotie, I am thinking for some time past that I should see the uncle and make formal the give up of Humphrey's Hall. I shall be of age, another year, and I know my mind. I have now less wish than ever to live in England." He smiled his rare smile.

"Ah, Joseph, I shall miss thee sadly, but I am so grateful to thee for going. I shall feel very lonely, very lonely, all by myself here, no kith nor kin near."

"Go with me, then, to your uncle."

A wave of color came over the girl's face.

"I could not; 'twould seem like—" She stopped abruptly.

Joseph nodded. "I know; they would say, those unkind—that thou didst run for Jasper." The boy's speech was still full of oddities, and he used his thees and thous indiscriminately. "Nay, thou canst not go, Dorotie, I see, but I will bring thee word. I will go quickly and return quickly as the vessel flies. If all goes well, I am return by the time of apple blossoms. A swift vessel, sometimes, is but a month; a month to go, a month to return, three months, at best four, and I am here with Jasper. I think I am needing to hurry off before the first freezing."

And true enough, before the year had ended the boy set sail, leaving Dorothy in the quiet country home of Ruth and Jacob Taylor.

CHAPTER XVIII

DAYS OF WAITING

The first of the year saw Dorothy still with Aunt Ruth, and there she remained through the ensuing winter.

"Thou art yet too large-eyed and pale," said Jacob Taylor. "We cannot return thee to Benjamin; he has concern enough in looking after Jane. Dost want to leave us, Dorothy?"

"Nay, I am well content to tarry here; 'tis more serene and comforting. I think I find greater peace under thy roof than elsewhere."

"I saw a friend of thine in the city to-day," continued Jacob. "He bade me bring thee his greeting, and to say that he would visit thee anon."

"And who was he?"

"Silas Price."

"Oh!" The color came to the girl's cheeks.

"He is a good youth," Jacob went on, "but not sightly with his cropped ears and pallid face. Still, Dorothy, thou shouldst not look upon the outer man."

The girl was silent. She was troubled at the prospect of Silas Price's visit, and wished that he would leave her in peace. Since her talk with Joseph the thought of the young Quaker had become more and more distasteful. A new hope was born in her that day of Joseph's decision to go to England, and she had found comfort in it.

She went out and stood on the porch looking off over the fields. Yonder was the village of Chester, where she and her mother had first met after their long separation ; there she had parted from Jasper. A mist came before her eyes, and one or two hot tears fell, but she brushed them away as Aunt Ruth's gentle voice said : "Do not weep, Dorothy, Thou hast looked brighter of late. Is this some new grief?"

"Nay, Aunt Ruth, but I am sore troubled over many things."

"Well, well, my child, sit thee down here. The day is mild and the sun bright ; now tell me all about it." And Dorothy poured forth her full heart, concluding with :

"And oh! Aunt Ruth, I know Silas to be a worthy man, but I would rather never wed than marry him."

Aunt Ruth smiled. "My dear, maids are not allowed to go unwed in a new colony; men need wives too greatly, and thou wouldst not remain long a spinster, I am inclined to think, even if thou wert not to marry Silas Price. But why art thou averse to him?"

A little smile flickered around Dorothy's mouth as she replied: "I could not sit opposite those cropped ears three times a day."

Aunt Ruth hid a smile as she answered demurely. "That is not a friendly speech, Dorothy. Thou knowest better than to regard outward appearance above spiritual qualities." Then she looked up with a twinkle in her eye, shaking her head, and saying; "Yet, I cannot blame thee, Dorothy. I couldn't do it either; if my Jacob had been so ill-favored I fear I should never have come to Pennsylvania."

This was a comforting assurance, and Dorothy's face took on a pleased expression at this outspoken sympathy. She looked very frail and young to be anyone's wife as she sat there on the step of the porch in the soft spring sunshine, her slim little figure, with its delicate

girlish angles, a contrast to Ruth Taylor's mature roundness. A robin was whistling in the budding tree near them ; the soft odor of newly-turned earth and of early blossomings filled the air. Ruth looked around with a satisfied smile. Dorothy gazed off into the purple mists, shot through with golden lights, which hung over the river and the hills beyond.

"It is a fair land," she said, "but dost thou never regret England, Aunt Ruth?"

"Nay, not while Jacob and my boys are here, and we all prosper."

"But," there was a little catch in Dorothy's voice, "if thou hadst not married him ; if thou hadst been obliged to wed some other, would the world have ever seemed fair?"

Aunt Ruth leaned forward, and putting a finger under the soft chin of the girl she turned her face upward, and looked down into it with tender eyes. "Do no man the wrong to marry him if thou hast it not of the spirit that it is well for thy soul, for thy truest good. Do not thyself the wrong to marry a man no matter how thou mayst incline toward him, if thou art convinced that thy soul's health will suffer therefrom."

"How can one tell?" whispered the girl, a

little troubled look in her eyes. "Dost thou think Jasper would do me an evil?"

"Nay, my child, nay. I meant not that."

"Jasper is good and true and generous. Oh, Aunt Ruth, he is—he is—but he is not a Friend."

"Dear heart, thine is a trouble which only patience can cure. Art thou thyself a true Friend?"

Dorothy looked down. "I fear I have never been so utterly inclined as my mother. What is right for me to do?"

"Seek guidance from above and possess thy soul in patience. Be true to thyself and the Lord shall deliver thee."

Dorothy's head dropped against Ruth's knee, and she sat very quietly for a long time gazing thoughtfully at the waking world before her.

At last she said: "Thou has strengthened me, Aunt Ruth. No one, not even my mother, has so understood me. No one—but—Jasper. I am not afraid now."

"And there comes Silas this moment. Thou hast, perhaps, need of courage."

True enough the young man was approaching. Dorothy sat perfectly still till he came up. Aunt Ruth went down to meet him.

"Thou art welcome, Silas Price," she said; "sit down here where 'tis warm and sunny. Dorothy will bear thee company." And she went inside leaving the two together.

Silas placed himself in the chair just vacated by Ruth, after Dorothy had said quietly, "Be seated, Silas." There was silence between them for some minutes. Dorothy did not change her position. Silas sat looking at her thinking how pure and white was the nape of her neck, where the little rings of hair curled up, and how softly the kerchief folded around her throat. He drew himself up stiffly, grasping the arms of the chair. It was not meet that a Friend should regard a girl with respect to her looks, but he thought her very fair, and justified himself by thinking that it was the reflex of her spirit made her seem so. His fingers moved nervously on the arms of the chair, and at last he said in his high nasal drawl:

"Dorothy, it is borne in upon me that I should take thee in marriage. Hast thou a like convincement concerning me?"

Dorothy was gravely silent before she answered. "Nay, Silas, I do not see clearly the accomplishment of it."

He ran his fingers through his lank hair in agitation ; he who had imperturbably faced an angry mob.

"I see that thou art a worthy man, Silas," continued Dorothy, gently ; "I recognize thy good intent, thy many virtues, but has not my——," she hesitated, "hast thou not heard that I am promised to my cousin, Jasper Preston ?"

"Yes ; but thou wouldst not marry out of meeting. I know thou wouldst not, and thy cousin is like, by this time, to be pledged to some other. 'Twas but a childish fancy ; so said thy father."

"Nay, but thou wouldst not have me break my promise, while the matter is uncertain. 'Twould be a bad Friend who did that. And I am bound to wait the limit of the time I promised."

"And then ?"

The girl drew a sharp, short breath. "And then. I know not. Who can tell what the inner voice shall bid me do? It has not yet come upon me what I shall do, Silas ; but this I am ready to say, that if I have it from the spirit to take thee for my husband I will tell thee truthfully, after my season of waiting is

past, if so be thou art then of the same mind. Yet, methinks, to be honest with thee, I now feel no desire towards such an accomplishment, for my whole heart yearns for the return of my cousin."

"Thou art honest, Dorothy, and I thank thee," returned Silas, with a little gasp; "but—yea, I, too, can be patient and bide my time. I do not deem the matter decided. No; not in months, nor in years, but so long as thou art unwed. And meantime, in all that I can, will I serve thee."

Dorothy gave a slight shudder, yet she wished she could be more responsive. "Thou art very kind," was all she could say.

Silas arose, twirling his hat in his hands. "I thank thee, Dorothy, for thy kindness of speech, for thy honesty. I have a mighty yearning toward thee; a great and deep affection. I shall not give thee up easily, and if so be it is made clear to thee to take me at some future day, I will strive to be a tender and devoted husband to thee."

Dorothy felt the blood flame in her cheeks. His absolute persistence gave her a helpless feeling, but she only repeated, "Thou art very kind, Silas."

He extended his hand. "Farewell," he said. "I will not lose sight of thee for a day. I shall have thee in mind constantly, and even to mine own misery will I serve thee."

There was much real feeling in his tone that Dorothy felt ashamed not to seem willing to do more than say, "Farewell, Silas!" But she added, as an afterthought, "Wilt thou not remain to supper? Jacob Taylor will be pleased to have thee, and from my aunt thou hast already had an invitation."

"Nay," returned the young man in some confusion, "I cannot remain. I shall wait till thou dost bid me of thine own accord."

Although many times during the month did Silas journey down to the farm at Chester to make a sedate visit, and it came to be a regular thing to see him twice a week, he never once referred to the conversation he had had there with Dorothy on that first April morning. She, however, talked little to him, and rarely listened to what he said to her uncle, sitting with her eyes cast down, and her thoughts far, far away, excepting when the subject of the young man's persecutions came up,—his experiences in those places where Quakers were treated as desperate characters, and then she

listened half fascinated by his accounts of lashings and revilings, of hair-breadth escapes and the overcoming of wrath with soft answers.

The girl, meanwhile, grew less reserved and was more normal in her attitude toward life. Time, the great healer, softened her grief for her mother's loss, and as each day brought nearer Joseph's return, hope grew stronger. There had been no urging her to return to Philadelphia, for somehow Benjamin Taylor seemed to realize that it was best for her to remain under Aunt Ruth's wing. "Art thou content here?" he asked her more than once.

"I am content. Aunt Ruth is wondrous good to me," she would reply. "I find greater peace here than in any other spot."

"Then remain," was his invariable response. "Thou art in good hands."

"I feel more at home in Chester," she told Aunt Ruth. "Thou art nearer to me than any other now."

"And thou art like our own dear child," said the sweet Quakeress. "So long as it shall please thee, Dorothy, Jacob and I will be more than glad to keep thee."

All her happiest memories of this new country clustered around the Chester neigh-

borhood; all her pleasantest friendships had been made there, and now, as before, she often saw her old friend, Tina, and walked with her in the same woods, or sat with her in the chimney corner. Both girls missed Joseph, but it was Dorothy who most frequently remarked the fact.

"The dear Joseph," she would say. "I long to see him again. Is it not strange, Tina, how much difference the absence of one person can make? Every week brings more persons to the colony, and yet they count as nothing since a friend is missing. Oh, I shall be glad to see Joseph whether he return alone or not."

Joseph had gone in December, and allowing for long voyages, with adverse winds, it was now time to hear from, if not to see, him.

It was one evening in the latter part of April that the first news did come. Jacob Taylor brought a letter and gave it into her hands as she sat with Aunt Ruth in the big living-room.

"A letter from my uncle at last," she cried. "Ah, now for news. I wonder why he has been so long writing, and if he has seen Joseph." A red spot burned in each cheek as she broke the seal.

Aunt Ruth at her work presently heard a heart-breaking cry. Dorothy stood holding

out her two trembling hands, every vestige of color gone from her face. "Aunt Ruth! Aunt Ruth!" she cried, "I shall never see him more. He is lost!"

"Who? What?" cried the good woman. "There, dear one, look not so crazed; calm thyself. Jacob, get me the red lavender. There, dear, drink some of this. Now tell us, has aught happened to Joseph?"

"Nay, to Jasper," Dorothy said, in a strained voice. "He started forth to set sail for America six months ago; no word has been heard of him since. It is not even known whether he sailed. No trace of him can be found. Ah, woe is me! I am sorely bereft! Would I were dead! would I were dead!"

"Nay, nay, my child, be not so desperate. Has thou read the entire letter?"

"Yes. Joseph has arrived safely. My uncle thought Jasper was here. He never dreamed otherwise. Joseph's coming was his first news of anything wrong. Ah, my poor Jasper! My dear, noble lad! Ah, Aunt Ruth, whither shall I go for comfort?"

"There, dear soul, there." The good woman made a sign to Jacob to leave them, and he went out. "He may yet be heard

from ; thou hast no proof of his loss. Keep a brave heart till thou hearest more. Do not despair yet. If it is known he did not set sail he may yet be heard from. He may have met with some slight accident, and may be on the way."

"Oh, Aunt Ruth, thou dost comfort me ; I will not give up. There is other news in the letter. Is it not strange? Joseph is not the heir after all, for my uncle has a little son of his own, a baby boy named for my father, Marmaduke. So, after all, poor Jasper is cut off from all the estates, if he be living. Ah, if I could but think so. Joseph will remain, says my uncle, till all means of search have failed. My uncle is well pleased with Joseph, and fain would keep him alway ; but he tells me he will return to us ere long."

"And when was the letter written?" inquired Aunt Ruth.

Dorothy turned to it. "The last of February—the 25th."

"I will ask Jacob how it arrived—by whose hand."

Being consulted, the good man told them the letter was given him that day by his brother. It had come on a vessel which had just landed at Philadelphia.

"What dost thou think, Jacob?' asked his wife as she told the news of Jasper's disappearance.

Great, hearty Jacob looked grave, and shook his head doubtfully. Dorothy's eyes were fastened upon him, anxious to discover if he felt the same hope that his wife did.

"It does not look hopeful," he admitted.

And Dorothy fell to crying pitifully. "Now, Jacob," protested his wife, "thou art very discouraging. Why should it be hopeless?"

"I said not hopeless. I but said 'twas not hopeful. Be not cast down, my lass. It is true there are many strange tales of those who have been lost and are found. I will pursue my inquiries at this side the water, and mayhap a clue may be discovered."

"Her cousin as well as her lover. A double grief, Jacob," whispered Aunt Ruth. "Try to lend her comfort if thou canst."

At this moment there was heard a rapping at the front door. "Go thou, Jacob," urged Aunt Ruth, "and if it be friends wait till Dorothy and I can escape before thou bringest them in. We would not have strangers view a maid's sorrow for one she loves."

CHAPTER XIX

SURPRISES

Dorothy's foot was upon the sill of the door which led into the kitchen, whither she and Aunt Ruth were escaping, when Jacob Taylor's voice called with a hearty ring: "Dorothy, Dorothy, here, lass!" Then followed a second call in Silas Price's squeaking tones, and next the sound of a voice at which Dorothy started and clasped her hands; then, with a smothered cry, she turned back. But she halted suddenly at sight of those she beheld, standing there with her hands clasped over her breast and her eyes, with a startled, dazed look in them, wandering from one to the other.

Stout, smiling Jacob Taylor on one side; tall, lank Silas, with a look half deprecating, half joyful, nervously moving his hands; and between the two an unfamiliar figure in the

dress of an English sailor, although much worn, faded, torn apparel it was. A sunburnt face was turned eagerly toward Dorothy, who, as the deep voice repeated "Dorothy, Dorothy," saw in the fearless blue eyes an old look of tenderness, and with one scream of delight she darted forward and was clasped in the arms of Jasper! And then for pure joy she sobbed on his shoulder, while he murmured "Poor little dove! my little lass!" Then with a flash of his old spirit, "Are you so grieved to see me, Dolly?" With that she lifted her head and smiled, but remembering that she was in her lover's arms before others, she blushed and looked down, although she still held fast to his hand. "Oh, Jasper," she said, "I thought thou wert lost to me forever. How—why—where hast thou been?"

"Aye, where hast thou been?" echoed Aunt Ruth.

"No wonder you ask," returned Jasper, looking down at his weather-worn dress. I am not in the costume of an English gentleman calling upon his sweetheart, but I trust you will all impute my seeming lack of respect in thus appearing to the ardor which would brook no tarrying." And he gazed searchingly, but

fondly, down into Dorothy's face, then looked around at the others hesitatingly.

"Thou needst not fear to speak before these, my best friends," said Dorothy, softly.

"Nay, lad, thou needst not fear. Speak up, we are all friends," Jacob Taylor assured him. "Here, sit thee down and let us hear thy tale."

Still holding Dorothy's hand, Jasper seated himself on the settle by the fire, with his sweetheart by his side, Aunt Ruth and Jacob in their contented maturity opposite, and between them, in a large chair, his small, squinting eyes fixed on Dorothy, sat Silas.

"You have perhaps heard that my uncle has a son of his own," began Jasper.

"We have heard," Dorothy replied, gently.

"It hit me hard, I must confess, for with Joseph all along emphatically declaring he wanted not anything save his father's share of the property, I had not given up a belief in my heirship, and so, thinks I to myself, I will better my estate in the two years between now and my majority, so that I may have more to offer my Dolly. Therefore I thought out many schemes, and often went down to the wharves and looked at the big merchantmen, wondering

in what cargo I could best make a fortune. You know, Dolly, how the vessels come and go from Bristol port. We have watched them there many a time."

"Aye, I well remember," she replied.

"Well, I so haunted the place and did so mingle with the sailors that on one dark night, in company with a group of others, I was seized by the press gang and hurried off. 'Twas the very night that I had told my mother that I had about decided to return to America and take my chances here, for that it seemed the best I could do. And I did greatly yearn for you, Dolly," he bent low and whispered. "Of my life thereafter no need now to relate. You have all heard the like; but I found myself no longer a curled darling, and I awoke, I hope and think, to a stronger manhood. I was a bit spoiled," he smiled in saying.

"I gave not my true name, for I was hot at being in such condition, and the life was one which, now as I think of it, makes my gorge rise. I resolved to escape so soon as I could, knowing that 'twas an unjust and wicked practice which had me to endure such a life. Therefore, one night, I took my chances as we sighted a ship, which I took to be, from the cut

of her jib, bound for the colonies. I slipped overboard, a chance of life or death though it was."

"Oh!" there came a soft cry from Dorothy. Jasper clasped her hand closer and went on. "Fortunately, I could swim like a duck, and there happened to be no sharks about. I kept afloat till I was seen by the vessel of which I spoke, which, by good luck, was Captain Drew's *Factor*, from Bristol. I knew the captain well, and when I told him my story, after I was in a plight to do so, he was in a high dudgeon at my having been thus impressed; I, who was no sailor, but a plain citizen and civilian, said he, 'I'll land you safe, my master, and I'd advise you to stay where you're landed for a while. I'm going straight to the Pennsylvania colony.'"

"To Pennsylvania," cried I, "no better news could you give me, Captain! I tried to get word to you, Dolly, and to my mother, but there was no chance."

"Thou hast had a close escape," said Jacob Taylor.

"I have. I realized what were my risks when I found myself overboard," returned Jasper, soberly.

"But how didst thou come across Silas?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"Ah, that is the rest of the story. So was I landed at Philadelphia, where I supposed my Dolly to be, I inquired till I found the house of Benjamin Taylor, and there I met this good friend, who, learning who I was, offered to guide me to you, Dolly. Of all his good offices I will not even tell you, lest I put him to blush, but I shall not forget them, and do thank him with all my heart."

"Didst thou see Benjamin?" asked Jacob.

"Yes, he seemed not overjoyed to see me, but told me of the changes which had taken place. Ah, my poor little lass!"

"Jacob, wilt thou give me a hand with the fire in the kitchen? I can offer thee a good brewing of home-made ale, Silas, if thou dost care to draw it," said Aunt Ruth, going toward the kitchen.

Jasper jumped to his feet. "Allow me to help thee, Mistress."

She gently put him aside. "Nay. Stay thou here, Jasper Preston; when I want thee I will tell thee."

Jasper stooped and kissed her hand. "I thank you," he murmured, for he understood

that Aunt Ruth desired to leave the cousins alone.

"My Dolly! My Dolly!" said the lad, as the door closed after the others. "I'm but a poor weather-beaten sailor lad. I have no lands nor ancient estates to offer you. But Dolly, dear, I have never for one moment forgotten you, and to see you once more has been my dearest longing."

"And they would have had me believe thee false," she murmured.

"Is it so? But thou art still true, my heart?"

"Ah, Jasper, if thou didst but know how much dearer than ever thou art, for 'twas scarce an hour ago I mourned thee as dead. Oh, 'tis wonderful, wonderful! Oh, my beloved, thou art a hundredfold dearer to me who am no longer a little child. What care I for thy rugged looks, thy lack of riches, thy poor raiment? I have thee, thy own true self again. Oh, Jasper, it has been a bitter, bitter season. I have drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs, for I felt utterly bereft with two I loved the best taken from me: my mother and thee."

The girl was carried out of her usual reserve by the strength of her emotions.

"I will never leave you again," declared Jasper. "When will you marry me, dear?"

"Nay, speak not of that now. Dost know that Joseph has gone to England, or indeed, is like to be on his way home now?"

"Yes, I heard that, also, from your friend Silas; for all his uncouth and unhandsome exterior, how good a man is he. Why, Dolly, dost know he offered to buy me fine clothes in which to appear before you? He would have had me take his purse to use for my needs. A brother could not have done more."

The tears came to Dorothy's eyes.

"Why, my heart, are these tears?"

"Ah, Jasper, 'tis an untoward fate which brings joy to one while it gives sorrow to others."

"Ah-h!" Jasper gave expression to the exclamation; then stood looking thoughtfully into space. But he changed the subject by saying, "Dost know I am of age next week, Dolly? and that I mean to buy me a tract of land right here with my little patrimony, and here we will live and die. Art satisfied to be a poor man's wife?"

"Ah, Jasper, have I not served an apprenticeship at simple ways here in the colony? Is such a prospect like to daunt me? But——"

"Nay, no buts. Let me look well at you, dear. You are pale and thin, your baby roundness hast gone from you, but your eyes, your mouth are the same. Ah, Dolly, how many a time have I seen them in my dreams."

"Here comes Aunt Ruth," said Dorothy with a sweet blush, withdrawing herself from the long, loving gaze.

Aunt Ruth came in bearing a plate of cake; Silas followed with a tankard of ale. "Jacob is brewing us a fine punch," the good woman announced. "We must give thee a warm welcome, Jasper." In those days the smallest occasion demanded the setting forth of punch and other beverages.

As Silas placed the tankard on the table, Dorothy went up to him and held out both hands. "Silas," she said, "thou art a true friend. I shall ever hold thee in loving remembrance for what thou hast done. May thou find as great joy as thou hast given me this night."

"I thank thee, Dorothy," he replied; "I rejoice with thee in thy new-found happiness."

Here Jasper came up, and held out his hand. The two young men looked into each other's face searchingly. Behind the peering, winking eyes of Silas Price, Jasper discovered

the nobility of nature which could renounce happiness and be glad for the sake of a great loss which gave all and received nothing. Jasper wrung Silas' hand silently. "God bless you," he said as he turned away.

"Thou wilt tarry here, Silas, and thou Jasper, wilt thou not? At least, one night," said Aunt Ruth.

"Yes, if you can, without inconvenience, entertain us for one night. To-morrow, I think, I must go to my good friends, the Jonsons," replied Jasper.

"Tell me, Dolly, is Tina as pretty as ever?" he asked the next day.

"Oh, yes, prettier, if anything, and the same dear innocent. Have we not good friends? Ah, Jasper, when Joseph comes back 'twill be quite like the old days, all except——" Her voice faltered, and she did not go on.

"Yes, I know, dear, I know. I understand," whispered he. "Would I could comfort you."

"Ah! thou dost, more than any one could, but——"

"But what, Dolly? That but has come up two or three times before. Are you going to jilt me after all? Have you found out I am too rough and tumble?"

Dolly looked grave. "'Tis not thy looks, nor yet thyself, Jasper; but dost thou know I may not marry out of meeting? 'Tis a serious offence."

"By the Lord Harry, I never thought of that! Well, Dolly, I'm ready to be a Quaker for your sake, if it will make you happy, or will make up for anything you have suffered. How will I go about it? I'll begin my thees and thous at once."

"Oh, Jasper!" Dorothy's face cleared. "Wilt thou really become a Friend?"

"Yes, if you—I mean if thou wouldst have me," he laughed. "Yet I used to believe you —thou wast but half Quaker thyself."

Dorothy looked sober. "I fear I still do yearn for our childhood's church, but I promised my mother I would not marry without the consent of my guardians, and she was sore grieved at the thought of my marrying out of meeting."

"Then, Dolly, thou shalt not. Consider me a Quaker from this out. I'll go and have the matter adjusted as soon as possible. I will seek out Benjamin Taylor ere sundown tomorrow."

Which he did, and a day later was in the sedate council of Friends, who met his eager

offer to join their society with the grave question: "Friend, dost thou desire to do this from convincement or for love of Dorothy James?"

The blood flamed into the lad's face and was visible even through his sun-burn, but he answered boldly, "Because of my love for Dorothy James."

"Then we cannot receive thee."

"Yet he is an honest, truthful lad, and methinks seems tenderly disposed," remarked one old Friend.

"So far he seems very tender of conscience, but we would have him subscribe to all our beliefs," was the answer. "Go, Jasper Preston! We will let Dorothy James deal with thee, and if so be thou art ready to receive convincement we will receive thee in a year's time." Such was the fiat that went forth.

"A year's time!" It seemed an age to the ardent youth, and he went back to Dorothy quite crestfallen. "A year is not long to wait," she tried to comfort him by saying cheerfully.

"Ah, if thou hadst led the dreary life which has been mine this year past 'twould seem an eternity," he returned, gloomily. "And what if I do not find convincement, as you say? There go my thees and thous already."

"I cannot marry thee without the consent of my guardians. I promised my mother that."

"Then thou wilt give me up?"

"Nay! Nay! I will never marry rather than that. And we can see each other as often as we will till thou dost join the Friends, for 'tis likely thou wilt not live among them long without so doing."

"But you will not marry out of meeting."

"I said not that. My mother did not require that of me. She but wished me to promise that I would not marry without proper consent."

"Then," said Jasper with a forlorn little smile, "I've either to subscribe to certain doubtful beliefs, or else give up my sweetheart, for thy step-father is not like to consent any more than any other Friend. You'd better begin now and deal with me, Dolly."

"Thou art too light in thy speech and behavior," returned Dorothy, but with a smile.

"Then shall I take Silas Price as my model, or Benjamin Taylor?"

"Nay, Jasper! I fear I like thee too well as thou art to wish thee to change one iota."

He caught her hands and kissed them. "Then I do not despair, for love will find a way. Shall you not like to see me again

dressed as becomes the gallant of so fair a maid?" She shook her head. "I care not for that. If thou art to become a planter thou wilt be going about in leathern breeches and worsted jerkens as any other, and thy fine feathers would be of little service."

"Save when I may serve governor and council, or on our wedding day, Dolly."

She blushed, but looked up with sweet confidence. "Thou art very sure of that."

"Aye, I am bound to be sure! Cease not to deal with me, Dolly, that I may very speedily convince those wise Friends that I am in earnest."

She smiled and shook her head. "I fear I am a poor teacher, and that thy reasons are of no account to serve thy purpose. If thou dost become a Friend, we shall twice have to pass meeting, and there will be much drinking of punch and receiving of Friends. We shall have to walk to meeting with many Friends in attendance, I wearing a black silk hood, and thou— How wilt thou be dressed, Jasper? Ah, me! I shall not like all such conditions."

"You would rather be married quietly in our own little church at home. So would I, Dolly. Shall we run off and leave all the trouble here? Leave and never come back?"

Dorothy drew back quite shocked. "Nay, Jasper, say not such things to me."

"I meant it not; but in jest I spoke. No, we shall not live as I used to dream we should, in old Gray Towers. I have, however, learned by a hard experience to value more simple comfort, if freedom be with it, and our little Quaker home will not hold a man who frets for the stately mansions of his forefathers. I shall be well content here; and, Dolly, I have been thinking how fine it would be if Joseph and I could be neighbors. Should you rather live in Philadelphia?"

"Nay, although 'tis a city of fair promise. I love better the quiet country homes hereabouts, for I have been most happy here."

"But if I ever get rich, we can have two houses, perhaps, one there and one here."

Dorothy laughed. "That is a long way ahead, I am thinking."

Jasper sighed. "Ah, yes. And what most concerns me at present is that I shall be twenty-one next week; that I am not, yet needs be, a Quaker; that thou art, yet should not be, one; and that I cannot wait a year for thee. No, no —do not shake your head—I cannot."

CHAPTER XX

HOW IT WAS SETTLED

A few days later Jasper appeared in a new outfit; leathern breeches and woolen doublet, displaying his straight, manly figure to advantage.

Dorothy turned him around with little laughs of pleasure. "Where didst thou get them?" she asked.

"I earned them. I have been working for Jon Jonson. Am I not becomingly possessed of a spirit of humility? I, who at one time scorned Joseph for doing the same? What time I was not working I went out hunting, and did so well with my pelts that you see the result. There are two roses in thy cheeks to-day for the first time. Thou art growing like thyself again, my little snow-maiden. The apple trees are all a-bloom. Dost want to come with me

for a walk? The day is most fair. I hear a famous big vessel is on the way up the river. Perchance Joseph may be aboard. I feel an impression that he is. Get thy hood and cloak, Dolly, and we will go to the landing. How well I remember the day I came ashore and saw you with Joseph. It seems long ago," he said, musingly, as they stood on the little wharf, watching the vessel approach. "Here she comes. See, there are many aboard, as always."

"But few land here now; they all proceed to Philadelphia," replied Dorothy. "Oh, Jasper! I verily believe I do see Joseph! Is it not he? See, he waves his hat. It is! It is! Let him see thee, for he knows not of thy safety. Mount this pile of wood, so. He sees thee. Look, he is rushing to be the first ashore."

True enough, Joseph was making ready to give a mighty spring and gain the landing; but he suddenly paused and waited.

"Why does he that?" said Dorothy, impatiently. "Oh, Jasper, see! see! who is with him? Oh, my uncle! dear, dear uncle!" She ran forward as if she would fly on the deck of the ship, and stood poised on the very edge of

the wharf, with arms extended, and when the first passengers were landed the familiar sound of Humphrey James' stick sounded on the logs.

"Is it my little lass?" murmured the Squire, as the girl ran to meet him. "My little lass, grown such a woman!" And he fondled her with trembling hands, patting her shoulder, and holding her off to look her over.

A great shout Joseph gave as he beheld his old comrade, and as soon as Dorothy could find words she said: "Oh, uncle, dost thou know Jasper is safe here?"

"Jasper! Where? Then 'tis a lucky journey I have taken. Where is he, lass?"

"Here," cried Jasper; "here, sir, I am."

Then such a talking and explaining as went on while they proceeded toward the village, the Squire leaning on Jasper's arm and plying him with questions.

"Well, my master," he said, "I'm not sure but that your experience has done you good. You started a little too confidently. He was a trifle masterful, eh, Dolly?" But Dorothy would not say a word that put Jasper to disadvantage. "And you have gotten the better of me in the race," went on the Squire. "Here

I came expecting to find a very Niobe—a hapless wench bereft of her lover—and I find her all smiles with her gallant alongside. A sad trick to play my old bones, bringing them this distance for naught."

"Nay, uncle, not for naught," interposed Dorothy. "'Tis surely the greatest joy to see thee."

"An' thou lovest the old man still, despite his having gotten him an heir, who will rob you and your lad here of what would else have been a very fair inheritance? You are not wroth at him for perking up at his age, and like a young whipster flaunting himself with a wife and a son?"

"Nay, uncle, I am only happy that thou art happy."

"Ah, there spoke the little Quaker. So, 'tis a good belief if it keep thee so true to thy old affections. And, Dolly, you should see that youngster, Marmaduke, a year old, and a fine, big boy, is he not, Joseph? Where are you, lad? Well, well; here am I in a strange land yet with nephews, niece and cousin by my side. Dost know, Dolly, I came with the intent of taking you back with me? I was not content to leave Marmaduke's lass here in the hands

of strangers. Frances sends you greeting and an earnest message to come and be her daughter. Poor Frances! she mourns deeply for Jasper, and chides herself that 'tis her fault that he is lost, she says; and nothing will do, but I must go and fetch you who were to be her daughter, and still shall be, declares she."

"Ah, but, sir, we'll talk that over later on," said Jasper. "I have plans."

"He has plans! the jackanapes; the young marmot, when I am still his guardian."

"Aye, sir, but for another day."

The Squire laughed jovially. "Well rid of! well rid!" he cried. "Mayhap, you'll allow me a plan, too."

"A dozen, sir. I shall be ready to hear all or any," returned Jasper.

"Come, Dolly, give me your arm," said the Squire. "There, now, I have ye both, one on a side. Here, Joseph, I'm not less glad of thee, lad, but we've had our talk out on the voyage over. You'll give way to these others."

"Joseph always gives way to others when 'tis well to do so," spoke up Dorothy. "He's the most generous lad in the world, save—."

"Save one, eh? Ah, yes, we've a nodding,

admiring company. But, here, where are you taking me?"

"To Jacob Taylor's."

"To Jon Jonson's," cried Dorothy and Jasper, in a breath.

"I'm to be divided then, like the brat they brought before Solomon," said the Squire. "Nay, will I. Here I stand before you shall bear me off piecemeal."

"Thou wilt be more comfortable at Jacob Taylor's, where they have more room," suggested Dorothy, looking deprecatingly at Jasper.

"But Jon Jonson's is nearer," protested Jasper.

"Good reasons both, but where am I the most welcome?" quoth the Squire. Assurances on both sides were so ready that he declared it was a toss-up. But at sight of Dorothy's pleading eyes Jasper said, "I give up, sir. Let Dolly have thee in keeping. 'Twill be easier for me to run in and see thee than for her."

"Right courteously spoken, lad, I like thee for the decision, and to Jacob Taylor's will I go."

"Truly, here is a kind and hospitable people," declared the Squire the next day, as Dorothy

and Jasper sat one on each side of him on Jacob Taylor's wide porch. "And 'tis a goodly country. After John Winterthorn's account I was prepared to find it so, but not to this extent. One might do worse than settle here."

"So say I," returned Jasper.

"And that is your intention, eh?"

"Yes, sir, if one difficulty can be overcome, otherwise I care not where I go."

"Hey! Hey! What's this? Speak out, lad. What's amiss?"

"A promise of Dolly's to her mother, that she would not marry out of meeting; or at least that she would not marry without the consent of her guardian."

"And who's her guardian, I'd like to know?" Down came the Squire's stick. "Who but her Uncle Humphrey? Without her guardian's consent, forsooth! Whom else could Mistress Hester have meant?"

"We thought her husband, Benjamin Taylor."

"Humph!" the Squire flouted the idea. "Hester left nothing of her own; nothing of any account. I've stood instead of Marmaduke James for this girl since she was born. Am I like to let the Quakers oust me? Do you want another guardian, Dolly?"

"Nay, nay, sir."

"Then, see here, my lass, I'm your legal guardian, deny it who will, and I forbid you to marry any other than your promised swain, Jasper Preston—d'ye hear?"

It was so like his old tone that Dorothy smiled, but she was not quite satisfied.

"I was ready to become a Quaker for Dolly's sake," Jasper informed him.

"You were, eh?" The Squire laughed. "And why are you not?"

"They wouldn't take me, unless 'twas from a free convincement."

"Would not?" the Squire stared, then lapsed into thought. "I tell you what, lad," he said, after a time, "I'll see this, Benjamin Taylor, to-morrow. I am still Dolly's guardian, but we may come to terms on this question, eh Dolly?"

She looked down with a troubled face, but said nothing. She well knew the society of Friends would never countenance her marriage with one of the world's people.

"It's a ridiculous notion," broke out the Squire, "and one that in a new country or an old one, either, for that matter, will do much to abolish their sect altogether, if they keep it up.

Mark my words, William Penn's descendants will yet marry out of meeting, as they call it, and like as not become church people. A truce to such a silly custom as this they hold."

When the Squire returned from his first trip to Philadelphia it was with a piece of news, which surprised Dorothy. "I find your step-father means to take to himself another wife," he told her. "A connection of his, so he informed me."

"Another wife?" said Dorothy. "It has not yet been a year since my mother died."

"Yes, so said Mr. Taylor, but he finds it ill for a man to be alone in this country. His sister's husband has returned, and the worthy Benjamin will need a housekeeper. The society of Friends do not allow less than a year to elapse before re-marrying, but I think he will not wait beyond that time."

"And whom does he wed?"

"One Hannah—something Copperthwaite. Satterly, is it?"

"Hannah Satterthwaite, his sister's step-daughter." Dorothy looked distressed and annoyed.

"You like her not?"

"We have nothing in common, but she is a

good woman. She will make an excellent wife."

"Shall you like living with them?" the Squire asked, slyly.

Dorothy shrank away, "Oh, no."

"Oh, my Dolly, then there's nothing left but to run away with your old uncle, who loves you right well. We'll go back to England, Dolly, and you shall be married in the old church, and go to Gray Towers for your honeymoon, and as long as you will shall you stay there. Then, if it please you and Jasper to return, I'll wish you God-speed. I see nothing else for you; and listen, my lass, it's my private opinion that your mother wouldn't be averse to such a proceeding, for she well knew who was your guardian."

"Ah, uncle, if I could but think that."

"You'd go back, would you?"

"Oh, I would, gladly, if I were sure she would not be grieved."

"And cut adrift from the Quakers?"

"I cannot say that. I love the Quakers well." Then she looked up as if half ashamed of making the confession. "But I can never cease loving our dear church and its service."

"Aha! Then you'll not persist in deceiving these Quakers by pretending to be one of them."

"Oh, do I deceive?"

"That's what it amounts to; and now, my lass, I have to tell you that I, too, have a letter written by your mother not long before she died. She says, among other things: 'Should my husband marry again, and should such a proceeding be to the grief and unhappiness of my daughter, let her know that I do not insist that she remain with Benjamin. Thou wilt, I know, as her guardian, give her a home, and if she marry with thine consent I shall be satisfied, for well I know thine intentions towards her are good, and now that I near another world I seem to see clearly that pure religion does not will the unhappiness of those we love for a mere matter of external profession.'"

The tears were trickling down Dorothy's cheeks, but as her uncle opened his arms she went to him and clasped him around the neck. "There, my poppet; my dear little lass, 'tis all right, is it not?" he said.

"Oh, it is."

"And thou wilt come home with me?"

"That will I, gladly."

"And be married after a while in the church?"

"Yes, if thou dost so desire—and Jasper?"

"Jasper knows it all. He was wrought with anxiety, and went to Philadelphia with me. I bade him give me a quiet hour with thee, but I'll warrant he's somewhere within call this moment. There, no more thanks, my Dollikins. You do love your old uncle?"

"Oh, uncle; thou knowest it."

"And have missed him times untold?"

"I have, and longed greatly for thee."

"I knew it! I knew it!"

And then the door opened, and in came Jasper, brave in a suit of new clothes with all the finery allowable, decking his handsome figure. A glad, proud, exultant look was on his face, as he ran to Dorothy and knelt at her side kissing her hand with almost timid deference. Now that he was so sure he was very humble.

The Squire eyed them fondly, but he said, as if provoked, "Who bade thee interrupt us, sirrah?"

"The hour was up, sir. You bade me wait but an hour."

"Full sixty minutes, and the last twice full

of as many seconds, I'll warrant. Oh, the impatience of these younglings. Where is Joseph? I'm right loath to leave that lad."

"He'll be here anon. He has affairs which seem to make him linger. If I mistake not, you'll have another grandniece before many months."

"Oh, who?" cried Dorothy; "not Tina! Oh, Jasper, do you mean Tina! Oh, the sly pair. So that was why Tina would not praise him to me, nor confess she missed him over much."

Jasper nodded. He had risen to his feet, and stood before the girl with a happy face. "Am I not fine, Dolly? To-day I am of age, and this is thy uncle's present to me. Art not proud of me?"

"Not prouder than before of thy dingy sailor garb," she declared.

The Squire heard her and laughed. "What of those acres, Jasper?"

"All well, sir. Joseph and I have been over them. We like the tract right well." He caught Dorothy's hands and swung them joyously. "We're to be neighbors, Dolly. Joseph and Tina, you and I. Uncle here has given us each a tract apiece; side by side they lie, and after a while I shall build a house with my own money."

"Dost like my wedding present, my lass?" asked her uncle, pinching her cheek.

"Oh, uncle, 'tis a great and fine one. I thank thee more than ever."

"'Twas no more than fair after near spoiling the prospects of all three of you. My boy will not miss anything, and I shall feel more content."

"And Dolly, I have been talking to James Sanderland, and he tells me that a clause in the Governor's grant sets forth a hope that the Church of England may at some day be established in Philadelphia, for it declares that when twenty persons shall be so minded they are not to be opposed. That encourages me to good belief in our future," Jasper told her.

"'Tis not as if we parted for long," said Dorothy to Aunt Ruth, as she stood ready to sail for England, "for I shall return within a year. Jasper will not content himself to live an idle life."

"I cannot feel content to have thee marry out of meeting," said Benjamin Taylor, "but I wish thee well, my daughter."

"I am afraid I should do the same were I in thy place," whispered Aunt Ruth, as she kissed her good-bye.

"Silas Price has been moved to go and

preach elsewhere," Aunt Jane told her, with reproach in her tones.

"He is a blessed good man," replied Dorothy, fervently. "God's mercy go with him."

Mrs. Satterthwaite opened her mouth as if to speak further, but thought better of it, and that was the last Dorothy heard of Silas.

Once again Dorothy stood within the old familiar home. John Winterthorn, Cousin Frances with the young heir of Humphrey's Hall, were loud in their welcomes. The Squire caught his boy in his arms; Jasper's mother held him close, while old John fairly shed tears at sight of Dorothy.

Later on there was a quiet little wedding in the old church, and, as Jasper had so often desired, the two spent long happy days at Gray Towers. But at the end of three months once more they bade adieu to old England and with brave, loving, happy hearts turned their faces to the free country of their adoption, where if hardships and trials met them so, too, did peace, content and prosperity at last fill their days.

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